MAORILAND FAIRY TALES

EDITH HOWES

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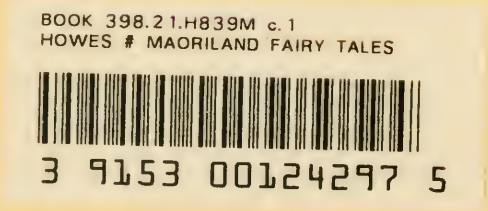
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MAORILAND FAIRY TALES.

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MAORILAND FAIRY TALES

Marama shows Ina the Moon-Land.

MAORILAND FAIRY TALES

By

EDITH HOWES

Author of "The Sun's Babies," "Fairy Rings," "Rainbow Children," etc., etc

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Wanderers	17
The Six Brothers	23
Tiki	31
Tawhaki's Climb	35
How the Moon was Made	49
Brother and Sister	59
The Sea-King's Victory	65
The Magician's Magic	73
Maui	79
More about Maui	89
The King and the Fairies	101
Hatupatu	111
The Star Hunt	121
The Pet Whale	131

Contents

	PAGE
On the Moon	139
The Wooden Head	147
The Fountain of Fish	151
Rata	155
The Island and the Taniwha	169
The most Beautiful Maiden in the World	177
The Giant in the Cave	185
Tama and his Brother	191
Tama and his Wife	197
Sea-Goblins	207
The Great Bird of the Hills	217
The Floating Island	225
The Princess and the Giant	233
Hinemoa's Swim	239

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Marama shows Ina the Moon-Land (Coloured) *Frontispiece*

The Sky-Fairies surprise Tawhaki (Coloured) . . 45

The Sea-King is Angry (Coloured) 67

The Sea-weeds protect Maui 81

The Birds go with Maui 97

The Fairy Fishers (Coloured) 105

The Star Hunt 125

Rata and the Gnome 157

Tama's Flight across the Mountains 199

The Sea-Goblins' House 209

The Floating Island 229

THE WANDERERS

SOMEWHERE far across the sea lies Hawa-iki, that wonderful Motherland where the sun's rays glow from early dawn to sudden night. Nobody knows now where that old land is, nobody has ever found it again, but its far-strewn sons and daughters still tell of its remembered glories, its radiant sunshine, its flowers and butterflies, its white-topped mountains and its mighty streams. Some think it may have been India, while others say it must have been some age-old continent which has since sunk and now lies buried under the Pacific Ocean.

The brave people of that old Motherland were ready for adventure. When wars and famine drove them out from their ancient homes, they said, " Let us set out across the sea that we may find new homes in which to live."

They sailed across tropical seas to the islands of the Pacific, some now and some again, setting up their homes where the cocoa-nut and bread-fruit grow. There they lived their island lives, swimming, diving, fishing, boating; sometimes making long voyages in their carved canoes far out into the great unknown seas.

One voyager returned with tidings of a new land seen far to the south, with white-topped mountain peaks such as had shone in Hawa-iki. "Let us go to that land. These islands are already overfull," said some.

They prepared for the voyage. They built three great canoes, so long and wide that hundreds of people could sit in them. They curved them high at the prow, and ornamented them with beautiful carving. They loaded them with food and water and everything necessary for a long voyage. Then those who were departing bade farewell to friends and sailed across wide, lonely seas to look for that new land.

At first the voyage went happily. The sun shone, the sea was calm, the voyagers were gay. But after many days, when all the songs were

sung and all the stories told, and every one was tired of sitting still so long, quarrels began and blows seemed near.

Ngatoro the magician was there. He resolved to put a stop to all quarrelling. With a mighty spell he raised a storm so fierce that the voyagers cried out in fear. Chanting more loudly still, he drew a terrible whirlpool from the depths of the sea. It rose in front of the canoes. The people shrieked.

"Save us, Ngatoro!" they begged. "We quarrel no more."

Changing his spell, Ngatoro quietened the storm. The wind dropped, waves and whirlpool fell away, the canoes went on their quiet course. The thankful people, remembering their lesson, quarrelled no more throughout the voyage.

After many weeks they saw a long white cloud that seemed to hang across the meeting-place of sea and sky. All day they drew nearer to it. Next day they saw it plainly—the new land. At the welcome sight weary eyes brightened with relief. "Ao-tea-roa," the voyagers called it—"Land-of-the-Long-White-Cloud."

As they drew near the fairness of the land came into view. Mountains reared their snow-wreathed heads above the cloud; from them green forests ran down to the sea. Here and there the gleam of mountain torrents showed between the green, or clusters of crimson flowers glowed beneath the sun. The people cast off their red necklaces and ornaments. "In this new land we can pluck gems from the trees," they said, gazing at the crimson rata flowers.

They sprang on shore. With joy they found that this new land was rich in food and water. They settled, built houses, and planted the sweet potatoes they had brought with them. They fished, speared birds, and hunted the moa.

Ngatoro the magician said: "I go to travel through the new country, enriching it and making it safe for my people." He went. At his magic word hills were levelled, marshes were dried and made firm for walking. Stamping on the ground, he brought forth springs of water wherever they were needed. He travelled through the forests, placing guardian fairies everywhere.

He said: "I go to climb yonder mountain.

Fast till my return, that my magic power may be sustained." He climbed and climbed. When he was hidden from their sight among the clouds, the people forgot his words and ate. At once his magic power left him. Crawling painfully where he should be striding lightly, he reached at last the top, only to sink exhausted in the snow.

He was freezing in the bitter cold, yet he had no strength to help himself. "I perish," he said, unless the Fire-god send me help."

He called, and the Fire-god sent help; from the mountain-top fire spouted, flowing over one side. Ngatoro, warming himself, gathered strength to finish his work and descend to his people.

When they heard how their carelessness had nearly cost their beloved magician his life, the people were sorry. They promised never again to forget his words. "The fire on the mountain will remind you," he said.

The fire still burns, sometimes far down, sometimes at the top. Men call that mountain a volcano.

The voyagers stayed on in their new land. When the last of them had gone to his long rest there

were thousands of their children left. These lived and loved and died, as men and women have always done, and their children took their places.

So five hundred years have passed. The new land has become old, and the story of the great voyage a tale of long ago. But still, in the Land-of-the-Long-White-Cloud, as in the sunny islands of the tropics, the ancient stories of the unforgotten Motherland are told, blended with new happenings in the newer lands.

They are the old traditions of the race; mysteries of moon and star and the making of the world, of fire and life and death, and of the making of man. Among them too are brave deeds of ancient heroes, and the doings of princes and magicians and the fairy folk that lived in every forest.

Listen, little white children of to-day, while I tell you these stories that have for centuries been told to the little brown children in these far islands of the South.

THE SIX BROTHERS

In the beginning, so the ancient stories say the land was dark. No light ever shone upon its surface, for Rangi, Master-of-the-Sky, hung low over Papa, the earth. In Papa's garden, which was the land, no flowers grew, nor trees; nothing but strange half-grown plants whose leaves were flattened as they pressed against great Rangi's arms.

For the sake of being together, Sky-father and Earth-mother forgot to care for the growth of flowers and trees, and even for the lives of their own children.

In the low dark garden lived six sons, knowing nothing of the light, but wondering much what lay outside, and longing, as they grew, to stretch themselves and stand upright.

Once Rangi lifted up his arms, and for a radiant moment the light streamed in.

"Oh, what is that?" the brothers asked.

"It is nothing but the light," said Rangi. He dropped his arms again and darkness fell.

"But it was beautiful!" cried Tané, the eldest of the brothers. "Lift your arms again, Rangi. Let us look at this wonderful thing you call light."

"No, no," cried Rangi; "be contented as you are."

But the brothers were no longer contented. They began to make plans for letting in the light.

"Our home would grow beautiful," said Tané; "and besides, we could see to move about."

"If Rangi would but move and give us room we could stand upright," said Tu, the next in age.

"Let us ask him!" said the rest. They begged Rangi to give them light and room, but he would not move. "No," he said, "I am happy here. My place is near the Earth-mother." Many times they asked, but each time he refused.

The brothers grew angry. "Kill him," said

Tu, who was the fiercest. "Push him up," said Tané. "Leave him alone," said Tawhiri.

For a long time they argued. At last they decided that each brother should try to push him up out of the way.

"I will try first," said Rongo. He pushed with all his strength, but he could not move the great Rangi. Haumia tried, and Tangaroa, and Tu, but none of them could move him.

Now Tané put forth all his strength. Pushing with both hands against Rangi's mighty chest, he raised him slightly from his resting-place.

"Ah, the Light! the Light!" cried the brothers. "Push, Tané, push harder yet."

Tané pushed, using his feet for greater strength. The light streamed in. Higher and higher rose the helpless Sky-giant.

The Earth-mother wept aloud as Rangi was torn from her. Tané, resting a moment from his labours, heard an answering cry from above. "Cruel Tané! You have left me on the mountain peaks. They are tearing my sides."

Tané looked up. He had become a giant, had pushed Rangi to the mountain tops, and in

his breathing space had left him there to rest upon their jagged peaks.

Quick as thought, he ran across the land and up the mountain sides. Lifting Rangi off, he bound up his wounds; for Tané was not really cruel. He was determined, however. When he returned to his brothers he said: "I shall send him so high that he can never come down again."

He stood on his head and hands. Bending his right knee, he kicked Rangi so far into the heavens that he has had to stay there ever since.

"Now let us make the garden beautiful," said Tané.

Tawhiri said, "I shall not help you. I shall go to Rangi." For Tawhiri was always jealous of his brothers. He went to Rangi, and lived with him in the sky. The others stayed with the Earth-mother, making her garden beautiful.

Tané said, "I will make trees." He made trees and bushes, flowers and moths and butterflies, and sweet singing birds. The sunshine fell warmly on the garden, and everything grew. Tané was well pleased.

Rongo made all the food-plants that grow in

gardens; Haumia made wild food-plants; Tangaroa filled the rivers and lakes and sea with fishes.

"Earth-mother," said Tané, "weep no more for Rangi. Be happy in your garden."

"I am pleased with your love for me, and all your kindness to me," said the Earth-mother, "but I cannot cease weeping for Rangi. I think always how cold he must be in the sky, for he is not warmly clad."

"I will clothe him better," said Tané. He made a warm wide cloak of glowing red for Rangi. "I will fasten it with stars," he said. "They are the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

He went to the Star-goblin. "Give me stars for Rangi's cloak," he begged.

The Star-goblin said, "They lie on a mountain at the end of the sky. You must take a long and dangerous journey to reach them."

"I will go," said Tané.

It was indeed a long and dangerous journey, but Tané was not afraid. He strode gaily over the mountain tops and through the wild dark lands of night, coming at last to the mountain at the

end of the sky. Here he found the gleaming stars piled above the precipices. He gathered a number of the largest and brightest, and took them back with him.

He stood on the mountain peaks and set the stars in the cloak. But he found that in the sunshine they did not show. So he made a dark cloak for night-time, and placed them in that. There they shone brilliantly.

The Earth-mother smiled, well pleased. Still, she was not quite happy about Rangi. She said, "I am afraid lest he should fall from that great height and be hurt."

"I can prevent that," said Tané. He made soft cloud pillars. With these he propped up Rangi that he should not fall.

So in his kindly way Tané did what he could for Rangi and the Earth-mother. But these two have never recovered from the sorrow of their parting. Often in the night Rangi's tears fall upon the Earth-mother's garden; men, seeing these tears, call them dew. He looks fondly down upon her from the sun and moon, which are his eyes; she sends up soft sighs of mist to tell

him of her never-dying love. Yet they are not quite separated, for their hands, outstretched, touch each other on the low horizon.

The brothers were at last happy. Only Tawhiri, still jealous, would not be at peace. He made the winds, setting them at opposite corners of his sky-home. One day he called them, together with all the storms and hurricanes, all the rain, hail, and black clouds of the sky. Sweeping down through the air with these terrible helpers, he fell upon Tané's beautiful trees, beating them to the ground.

Tané was too late to save his trees, but he called to his brothers to warn them that Tawhiri had come. Rongo and Haumia, in their fear, changed themselves into roots and hid in the garden. Tangaroa changed himself into a fish and jumped into the sea. These brothers have lived in those places ever since.

But Tu stood on high land, where Tawhiri's floods could not reach him. There he waited for his jealous brother. When Tawhiri came, he fought him and beat him, and made him promise to stay quietly in his sky-home, leaving his

brothers in peace. Tawhiri still sometimes sends his winds to tease his brothers, but he is too much afraid of Tu to work any serious mischief.

Tané re-planted his trees, and they grew into mighty forests. The garden grows more beautiful every day, for never again can the light be shut out.

TIKI

TANÉ gazed on red clay that lay exposed where earth had fallen from a cliff. "Red, the sacred colour!" he said; "and earth, from which all things grow and flourish. Surely from this I can make something greater than anything I have yet attempted."

He gathered the red clay and worked it with his hands, kneading it and fashioning it into a shape like his own. When the shape was made he breathed into it his own breath. Slowly life went into the figure, and it began to breathe as if in sleep.

Tané stood, chanting a life-giving song. The limbs received their powers, the eyes opened and saw the world. The shape arose and walked. It was Tiki, the first man, whose heart and all

inner parts were red as the clay from which he was made.

Tané, invisible, watched the man walk with dazed and wondering eyes across the barren plain where he had lain towards the forest trees where birds were singing. Invisible goddesses floated through the air to look at this new creature. "He will need a mate," they said.

From the Sunshine that quivered on the trees and the Echo that wandered through them, the goddesses wove a fine mist, which limb by limb they shaped into a woman. They sent her out to meet the man, and he was lonely no more. The two lived together in the Earth-mother's garden, and from them have all the men and women come that live there to this day.

Tané went to live in the shining Sunrise Land, beside the Lake of Glowing Light. So Tu was left master of the garden, for he alone of the six giant-brothers was left. Ever since, the men and women who live there have received good things from four of the brothers—from Tané's trees wood for boats and houses, fibrous leaves for ropes and clothing; from Rongo and Haumia

roots and berries ; from Tangaroa fish. But from Tu they received an evil gift, for he taught them the art of fighting. Yet, strange to say, they worshipped him more than any of the brothers. They made him their god of war ; and since then peace has left the earth.

TAWHAKI'S CLIMB

TAWHAKI, the Prince, was so brave and handsome, and did so many noble deeds, that his fame went abroad throughout the land. At last even the Sky-fairies heard of him. One of them said, "I wonder whether this Earth-prince is as brave and handsome as they say he is. I will go down to the earth to see."

One summer morning she descended to the earth. Herself unseen, she watched Tawhaki, finding him even braver and more handsome than any one had told her. Indeed, she was so pleased with him that she came out of her hiding-place and made herself known to him.

Each day she came down to talk to him. He was glad and proud, for no Earth-princess was half so beautiful; besides, was she not a Sky-fairy? At last these two became so fond of one

another that they were married. The Sky-fairy left her home above the clouds, and lived on the earth as Tawhaki's wife.

Such a thing had never happened before. When the other Sky-fairies heard of it they were exceedingly angry. "She belongs to us," they said. "She must come back."

But she refused to come. "I love Tawhaki," she said. "I will not leave him."

They made up their minds to carry her off. One day they swooped down upon the island and carried her away before Tawhaki's very eyes.

She struggled with all her strength to free herself, while Tawhaki tried to hold her back and beat the Sky-fairies off. But the Sky-fairies were too powerful. They pushed Tawhaki aside and carried his wife away. "Sky-fairies must not live on the earth," they said. "You shall never return to Tawhaki."

"Come to me, then, Tawhaki! Come to me in the sky!" she called, her voice growing fainter as she was borne out of his hearing.

Tawhaki stretched up despairing arms. What

could he do? He had no means of following her. And yet, the loneliness without her!

For many sad and weary days he wandered hopelessly about, unable to find a way of reaching her. He asked the eagles to carry him, but they replied that they could never reach the sky. He climbed mountain after mountain, but none was high enough.

One morning, passing through the mountain-land, he came upon an old woman, sitting alone. An old, old woman she was. In her hand she held a fine white spider-thread.

"Who are you?" asked Tawhaki.

"I am called the Old Grandmother," she replied.

"What are you doing in this lonely place?"

"Holding this thread."

Tawhaki's eye followed the thread up. "Where is the other end?" he asked.

"In the sky."

"What is it for?" asked Tawhaki eagerly.

The old woman eyed him steadily. "If a man on the earth wished to go to Sky-land he might climb this thread," she said. "It would bear him, but he must be very brave, for if he once

looked back or lost heart he would fall and be dashed to pieces. I do not think any Earth-man is brave enough to attempt the deed."

"Try me. I will go!" cried Tawhaki, his heart beating with joy. He guessed that this thread had been sent down by his wife that he might go to her.

"Give me the thread," he said.

The Old Grandmother was pleased at his courage, but she warned him of his danger. "It is such a tiny, slender thread," she said. "One slip, one moment's loss of courage, would dash you on these mountain-tops."

"I shall not be afraid," said Tawhaki. "My heart is too full of love to have room for fear."

"Listen then," she said. "I will teach you a charm. Sing it if ever your strength seems to be leaving you. By it, too, you can change yourself as you will."

She sang the charm, and he repeated it until he knew it.

"Now you may go," she said. "Keep a brave heart, remember to never look back, and, if your strength fails, sing the charm."

Grasping the spider-thread, Tawhaki sprang from the earth, and began his wonderful climb to Sky-land.

What a frail thread it was! It swayed and swung with his weight, but he had faith in its magic power to hold him. He clung and climbed, higher and ever higher, until he was level with the tops of the lower hills.

Up still, and higher yet. Now he was level with the highest mountains. Now he was above them. He was passing through Cloud-land. What if the thread should break or come loose? He would not think of such accidents. His wife was at the top.

It was cold, cold and wet in Cloud-land, and he had been climbing for hours. His strength began to ebb. Then he remembered the charm, and sang it with all his might as he passed through the great lonely spaces beneath Sky-land. Over and over again he sang it, till weariness fled and strength returned.

Climbing now quickly and joyfully, he came to the first of the ten Sky-lands. He pushed himself through the flooring, and it cracked in

all directions. A deluge of water rushed through the hole. He sprang up and looked round. The water was overflowing from the edge of a lake in which Sky-fairies were bathing.

"That water will make a flood on the earth," he thought; but he did not stay to look back, nor even to watch the Sky-fairies. He knew his wife's home was not here, but on the fourth Sky-land. He grasped the thread again, and went on his way.

When he reached the second Sky-land he met a snake-shaped fish. Behind this fish crawled hundreds of smaller ones.

"Who are you?" Tawhaki asked boldly.

"I am the Eel-king," replied the fish. "I am looking for water. Up here we are parched and dry. How is it in the earth?"

"Uncomfortably wet, I should say, for I have cracked the lowest Sky-land and let the water through from the fairies' lake," said Tawhaki.

"Good!" said the Eel-king. "The earth is the very place for us. Come, my children, to this delightful earth."

With his wriggling people he slid down through

the hole to the earth, and here he has stayed ever since. Before that there were no eels in the creeks and rivers of the world.

On the third Sky-land Tawhaki met the Pukaki. The bird stretched its long neck in astonishment at the sight of an earth-man.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the fourth Sky-land," replied Tawhaki.

"What is the earth like just now?" was the bird's next question.

"Very wet. Flooded, in fact," said Tawhaki.

"You don't say so!" cried the bird joyfully. "Why, that is the kind of world I want. Here there is no swamp. I shall go down to the earth. Tell me, do the fairies know you are on your way to their land?"

"No," said Tawhaki. "I do not wish them to know that."

"Oh, indeed! Then I shall give them warning."

The mischievous bird raised his head to give a cry that should reach the fourth Sky-land. Just in time Tawhaki caught him by the nose, pinching it so hard that the Pukaki could make no sound.

He pulled, and struggled to break loose, but Tawhaki held on.

Tawhaki said, "Will you promise to keep quiet if I let you go?"

A subdued droop of the bird's tail seemed to answer "yes," so Tawhaki loosed his hold.

The Pukaki fled down through the hole to the earth. Ever since that day his nose has been red from Tawhaki's pinching, and all his children and children's children have been hatched with crimson noses.

Tawhaki climbed the fourth Sky-land. Here the thread ended. He looked about him. This Sky-land was beautiful, clothed in green forests and decked with bright flowers. Through the trees he saw the gleam of water. Listening, he heard the sound of voices.

He crept quietly towards the voices. Near the lake the fairies who had carried off his wife were making a canoe.

"If I follow these fairies I shall find my wife," thought Tawhaki; "but they must not know me, or they will send me down to earth again. I will change my form."

He stole back into the forest, and softly sang his charm. By the time it was finished he had the appearance of a poor, miserable old man. No one would have recognized in him the handsome Tawhaki.

He walked slowly towards the fairies. "Look at that old man," said one. "Where has he come from?"

"Make him work," said another. "He shall carry our axes home."

They loaded Tawhaki with axes, and he followed them towards their home. "What would my people say if they could see their Prince carrying tools like a slave?" he thought. "But it is for my wife's sake. For her I will suffer anything."

An idea came to him. He called to the fairies, "Do not wait for me. I am old, and cannot walk fast. I will follow you slowly."

The fairies went on. As soon as they were out of sight Tawhaki changed himself to his old strength of limb. Running back to the canoe, he worked at it until one side was finished. "My work is better than theirs," he said. "They may be glad to learn from me."

He ran through the forest till he almost reached the fairies, then he returned to the form of the old man carrying the axes.

At the fairies' home he saw his wife. She sat sadly by herself, taking no interest in anything. She glanced at the old man following the fairies, but did not recognize him as Tawhaki.

He dared not make himself known. "I must first finish the canoe," he thought.

Early the next morning the fairies again set off for the forest, Tawhaki carrying the tools.

When they reached the canoe the fairies stood lost in astonishment. "Who has been working at our canoe? It is half done. And so well done! Who can it be?"

Nobody knew, and of course nobody suspected the feeble old man. After talking a great deal about it, and coming to no solution of the mystery, they set to work, chopping and adzing all through the day.

When the evening came Tawhaki did exactly as he had done the night before. The next morning the other side of their canoe was finished.

"To-night we will watch," they said.

The Sky-Fairies surprise Tawhaki.

This was just what Tawhaki wished. When the evening came he changed himself into the strong and handsome Tawhaki, knowing that the fairies were waiting in the forest to surprise him.

They came rushing out from behind the trees. "We have found you at last, kind worker," they shouted.

He turned his face to them, and they saw that he was Tawhaki!

Without a word he set off at a run for his wife's home. The angry, puzzled fairies followed him. Some said: "He shall not stay. Send him back to earth." Others said: "Let him stay. He can teach us the building of canoes. We can make a Sky-fairy of him, and his wife will then be happy."

They reached the house. Tawhaki ran in and stood before his wife. She knew him now, and sprang to meet him. They held each other's hands, and showed their joy so plainly that the fairies could not bear to part them. "He shall stay," they agreed.

They gave him fairy power, so that he can never die. To-day he lives in happiness with

his fairy wife. So powerful has he grown in magic that men, hearing his footsteps on the floor of Sky-land, call them thunder; and when he lifts his arms lightning flashes from his armpits.

HOW THE MOON WAS MADE

LONG, long ago, before there was a moon in the sky, there lived two beautiful maidens who loved each other dearly. One was called by a name that meant Shining-Eyes, and the other by a name that meant Rippling-Hair.

Shining-Eyes had heard a great deal about the Fire-that-never-goes-out. She often talked to Rippling-Hair about it. "It is kept in one of the underworlds," she said. "Fierce spirits guard it day and night. If we could bring it away we should obtain the Life-that-never-dies. Think of it. Unending Life! What a gift that would be to the world!" One day she said, "Will you come with me to look for it?"

"The journey is too dangerous," cried Rippling-Hair. "Besides, there are those terrible spirits! We should never return alive."

"Wait! I have a plan," said Shining-Eyes. "We might take a basket of kumaras to the spirits. While they eat the sweet earth-fruits we can snatch away a fire-stick and run off with it."

"But they would catch us."

"I think not. We are both swift runners, and we should have a good start."

"Our fathers may not let us go."

"We need not say where we are going, nor mention the dangers of the journey. It will be enough to say that we wish to take a little trip together.

Rippling-Hair still looked doubtful, but Shining-Eyes took her hands and looked into her eyes. "I am going, dear friend," she said. "I have thought of it night and day until I must go. I cannot give it up. But you—do not come if your heart fails you. I do not wish to lead you into danger."

"Where you go I shall go—you know that!" cried Rippling-Hair.

"Then come with me to find the Fire-that-never-goes-out," laughed Shining-Eyes, "for that is where I am going."

"I will come," said Rippling-Hair, though she trembled at the thought. Afterwards, when the real dangers came, she forgot her fears and went through everything as bravely as Shining-Eyes herself.

They obtained the consent of their parents to leave home, made all their arrangements as if for a short visit to a neighbouring village, and started off, taking with them food for themselves on the way and a basket of kumaras for the spirits.

At first the track was pleasant enough. It led over a sunny plain and past a gently-flowing river. But when they came to the dark bush-lands their troubles began. Every tree and bramble, every bird and insect in the bush, knew why Shining-Eyes and Rippling-Hair were travelling north, and they all tried to turn them back from the death they risked.

The tall trees interlocked their boughs to shut out the sun and make the pathway dark. "You will lose your way. Turn back before it is too late," they sighed. And many times the two girls lost their way.

"Turn back before it is too late," said the brambles, the thorny wait-a-bits. They caught the friends, holding them with their curved claws, and tearing their hands and faces till they bled.

"Turn back before it is too late," piped the birds and insects. They stole what food they could when the maidens were not watching, so that hunger should drive them back to safety.

But Shining-Eyes and Rippling-Hair would not be turned back. Although after many days their sufferings had weakened them so sorely that they fell at the foot of a great tree-fern and could not rise, they did not lose heart. All their food was gone except the basket of kumaras for the spirits, they were footsore, and numb with weariness, but they said: "We shall sleep and wake up strengthened. We must not, will not give in."

From among the fronds of the tree-fern peeped the kindly faces of watching forest fairies. They heard the brave words, and saw the worn-out girls drop off to sleep. "Let us help them," said one. "The bush has done its best to stop them, but they will not be stopped. Perhaps their

courage will carry them safely to their journey's end."

They trooped down from the tree-fern, carried the sleepers to the fairy palace, and laid them on beds of softest down to dream the night away. In the morning they brought magic foods and drinks that took away all pain and weariness.

The two girls, strong and well once more, went on their way with grateful, happy hearts. Leaving the bush behind, they came into the mountain-land.

The mountains put forth all their terrors to turn them back from death. Little hills raised themselves into mountains to tire their feet, mountains stretched themselves almost to the sky. The girls went on as if nothing had happened; the hills and mountains, seeing this, fell back again to their old size, and the girls climbed over them with ease.

Sometimes great rocks sprang suddenly into their path; deep clefts opened before their feet; mountain storms roared about their heads; once a mountain giant chased them. But they neither faltered nor turned back, and at last the mountains said,

"Leave them alone. Their courage will carry them safely through to their purpose."

They came at last to the end of the land. Below them lay the sea, above them towered a beautiful tree with crimson flowers. They stood on the edge of the cliff and looked at the twisted roots that led from the tree down the face of the rock to the beach below.

"The tree is called Spray-Sprinkled," said Shining-Eyes. "Between its lowest roots lies the opening to the underworld. To that higher point above us come each night the souls of those who have died during the day. There they pause once to sigh, then fling themselves below to enter that dark underworld. If we can save our friends from death and this sad end, our sufferings on the way have been worth while."

Through the night they rested. When the morning broke they descended by the roots and found the opening to the underworld.

A narrow passage, dark as night, led into the earth. Trembling, they entered in, groping their slow way with beating hearts.

After a long time a gleam of light shone out in

front. They walked faster. Coming to the end of the passage, they peeped out. Before them lay a wide open plain, lit by a fire made of three sticks crossed. In front of the fire sat three fierce old spirits.

"The Fire-that-never-goes-out!" whispered Shining-Eyes. "Give me the kumaras."

Silently as they could the girls approached the fire. But the spirits heard their steps. "Mortals!" they shrieked, starting up in anger.

Shining-Eyes held out the basket of kumaras. "See," she said, "we have brought you these earth-fruits. You have none so sweet down here."

Astonished at her boldness, the spirits took the kumaras and crowded round to taste them. Stooping, Shining-Eyes snatched a fire-stick from the ground and flew with Rippling-Hair towards the entrance to the passage.

They had almost reached the entrance when screams of rage behind them told them that their trick was discovered. "Quick, oh, quick!" breathed Shining-Eyes.

Up the long passage, now lit by the flaming

stick, they fled with desperate swiftness. Behind them came the spirits, gaining on them with every step. "If only we can keep the lead till we reach the opening," panted Rippling-Hair in front. "Ah, here it is. We are saved!"

She sprang through the opening, turned, and grasped her friend's hand to pull her through. But at that moment one of the spirits reached Shining-Eyes and seized her heel.

"I am held," gasped Shining-Eyes.

She struggled wildly, while Rippling-Hair pulled with all her strength. They could not free her heel.

"Drop the fire-stick and give me both hands," Rippling-Hair whispered. "Drop it, or you will be pulled back, and that means death."

"I will not lose it. It is unending life!" cried Shining-Eyes. With one tremendous effort she hurled it far into the sky.

Seizing the freed hand, Rippling-Hair jerked her friend out of the spirit's grasp on to the sandy beach above the opening.

The spirits dared not come above the ground. They fled back through the passage, scream-

ing with rage at the loss of their cherished stick.

The girls lay panting on the beach, their eyes directed to the flaming stick. From where Shining-Eyes had flung it, it whirled higher and yet higher, faster and faster, until it whirled itself into a ball. Rangi looked down and saw it coming. He put out his hand and caught it, and fitted it into a niche in the sky.

Calling the North Wind, he gave him a message for the girls.

"Tell them," he said, "that unending life is not for the people of the earth. But tell them also that their brave deed is not lost, for the Fire-that-never-goes-out shall stay in the sky to give light when the sun is away. Through it I can look down upon the Earth-mother at night; by its light men shall see to walk when otherwise it would be dark. Let the maidens return to their homes, knowing that for ever men will bless them for the good deed they have done."

The girls listened to the message and were comforted for the loss of the stick. They retraced their steps, arriving home in safety to relate

their doings to their friends. The people were astonished, but they saw the new great light in the sky, so they believed the girls and loved them for their noble courage.

And the great light still shines on in the sky. Men call it the Moon.

BROTHER AND SISTER

Rupé and Hina were brother and sister, but they loved each other with a love greater than that of most brothers and sisters. So close was the bond between them that they were scarcely happy except when together.

One day Hina fell into the sea and was carried out by the tide. Fortunately she wore a magic girdle. This protected her from death, but she went floating out over the horizon, miles away from her home and parents and beloved brother.

Nobody had seen her fall. When she was missed there was a grief-stricken search. No trace of her could be found.

"She must be dead," her friends whispered.

Rupé overheard them. "She is not dead!"

he cried. "Something in my heart tells me she is not dead. I go to find her."

He set off, travelling from one end of the land to the other, seeking her. For months, for over a year, he sought her fruitlessly.

In the meantime she was floating, drifting through the sea, upborne by the waves, saved by the magic girdle from every death that threatened her. In her slow progress little seaweed tendrils clasped themselves about her, pink-tipped barnacles attached themselves to her.

For many months she floated on, till at last she was thrown up by the surf on the sandy beach of a little island. There she lay, helpless and unconscious from her long voyage in the water.

The people of the island found her, took her in, gently scraped off the sea-things that still clung to her, and showed her every kindness. After a while the king heard of her, and was so charmed with her sweetness and beauty that he took her to live in his royal home. So a year passed by.

Just at this time Rupé gave up seeking for

her on the land. "I will go to Rehua," he said.

Repeating a powerful spell, he changed himself into a pigeon. He had a long, weary flight before him to the highest Sky-land, for this was where Rehua lived. Rehua was the greatest of all Sky-fairies. He knew everything; he would surely know where Hina was.

Soaring bravely, Rupé mounted higher and higher, his love for his sister upholding his tiring wings. Up he went, through the great sun-filled spaces, till he reached the first Sky-land. From that to the second, the third, the fourth, on to the tenth. At last he stood before Rehua!

"Murmurs concerning you have risen to me from a little island in the sea," was Rehua's answer to the question Rupé put to him. He pointed out the island in the world that lay so far below.

Back to the earth, straight as a stone in his course for the little island, Rupé took his downward flight. Alighting at Hina's dwelling-place, he flew to her window-sill. There he waited to be seen by her.

Some of the king's servants saw him. "See! A pigeon on the sill," they said. One brought a spear and tried to spear him, but Rupé turned the spear aside with his bill, so that it broke on the wood of the window-sill. Another brought a noose and tried to snare him, but each time he turned his head aside and the noose fell away. "Magic!" cried the servants. "A magic bird! We cannot harm him."

They told Hina of the magic visitor. "Leave the bird alone while I look at it," she said.

Long and earnestly she looked. "It is my brother!" she cried at last. "It is Rupé."

Taking again his natural shape, Rupé embraced his long-lost sister, telling her the story of his weary search for her. In return, she told him of her strange voyage and her life on this far island, where king and people were all kindness to her.

"Come with me to the tenth Sky-land, where Rehua lives," said Rupé. "There is brightness such as never glows on this low earth. There is

beauty, there is joy. There we may live together all our lives."

"I will come," said Hina. By spells Rupé changed their shapes to those of pigeons. Together they flew through the upper sunlit spaces till they reached the tenth Sky-land. There, with Rehua, they spent together their happy days.

THE SEA-KING'S VICTORY

THE Sea-king in his palace under the water heard the sound of bitter weeping on the shore. "Somebody is in trouble," he said. "I must see what is the matter." He changed himself into a fish and swam to the shore to look. A woman walked along the beach, wailing loudly.

"Why do you weep?" asked the Sea-king.

The woman stopped, looked into the water and saw the fish, and guessed that he must be the king.

"I weep because I have lost my husband," she replied. "We quarrelled, and he left me. He lives now in the next village. Why we quarrelled I hardly know, for indeed we love one another. I have been to the village to beg him to come back to me. He would have come, but

his friends laughed at him for yielding, so I return alone and sorrowful." She told her tale with such heartbroken sobs that the Sea-king's pity rose on her behalf.

"I will send a message to the village; maybe your husband will soon return to you," he said. "Go quietly home and await events."

The wife went home, not much comforted. She was doubtful of the Sea-king's power on land.

The Sea-king himself had no doubts. He called a sea-gull. "Go to the village near by," he said, "and tell the people to restore the husband to the wife. Say that I, the Sea-king, command it."

The sea-gull flew with the message. "Restore the husband to the wife," she called from the wall surrounding the pah. "It is the great Sea-king who sends the word."

"The Sea-king! Who obeys him?" laughed the villagers. "Go back. Tell your Sea-king that the husband stays with us as long as we desire it."

The gull returned with the insulting message.

The Sea-King is angry.

The Sea-king was pale with anger. "They dare to laugh at me and doubt my power!" he cried. "They shall pay for this. I will teach them to obey."

From his palace he sent a summons to all fighting fish, big and little, to come to his aid. They crowded round his palace in their smooth grey coats, which in those days were one and all alike.

"Soldier-fish!" said the king, "your help is needed. Sharpen your teeth and polish your skins this night, for in the morning we go to battle with men. On land my power has been insulted."

The fish spent the night in polishing their already shining skins and sharpening their teeth and the spines of their fins and tails. In the morning they swam in ranks before the palace doors, ready for the fight.

The Sea-king swam out, changed to the likeness of the biggest fish of all. Placing himself at their head, he led them to the battle. Below the sea they swam in their hundreds of thousands, rising to the surface as they neared the shore.

Scrambling up the beach, they marched across the country to the pah.

The people of the pah, seeing them coming, ran out to watch this strange army—fish marching on dry land.

"What a joke," they said. "Whoever saw its like before?"

One man, wiser than his fellows, shouted, "It is the Sea-king's army. This is no joke, but grim war. Remember, we laughed at the Sea-king's power. To your houses for your spears and axes!"

Some one cried, "But fish cannot fight with men."

"We must destroy this army or it will destroy us," replied the first.

The men ran to their houses, caught up their spears and axes, and came out to fight the fish.

Now began the strangest battle ever seen. Over the wall of the pah slid the great fish army, rank on rank, column after column, until the ground between the houses was covered with their moving bodies. The men speared and hacked and cut at the fish, while the fish fought

fiercely with sharp teeth and spiked fins and flapping tails, or threw the men by wriggling with polished skins beneath their feet.

The battle raged all day. The men fought for supremacy, but the numbers and the courage of the fish wore them out. When evening came, on all sides men lay wounded and beaten; the fish army had won.

The Sea-king stood high in his kingly shape again, looking down on the beaten men.

"You will send back the husband to the wife," he commanded.

"Yes," they answered.

"You will never again laugh at my power on land?"

"No."

"That is well. Bid the husband stand before me."

The husband came. "Back to your wife! Quarrel no more. Treat her kindly and be happy," said the King.

Without a word the husband turned and went home to his wife, to live with her happily ever after.

The Sea-king led his victorious army back to

his sea-palace. "You have done nobly," he said. "Ask me what boon you will, and if it is mine to give you shall have it."

One by one the fish swam up and stated each his heart's desire. One by one their requests were granted. Most of them had seen strange sights upon the land, colours and forms such as were never seen below the sea. From these they chose their gifts. A Cod had gazed upon the gorgeous colours of the sunset, and asked for these upon its back. Another preferred to wear the soft blue of the summer sky. One had seen a boy's kite, and wished to resemble it in shape; that is why to-day the Skate is broad and flat. One wished to be red like blood, and to be able to groan like a wounded man; and so you may always hear the Gurnet groan when it is caught. One asked that a spear might be fixed at the end of his nose; to this day he carries it there, and men call him the Guard-fish.

So, in turn, every soldier won what he most desired. This is how the fish obtained their varying shapes and colours. These are their rewards for bravery.

THE MAGICIAN'S MAGIC

RUARANGI'S wife was so beautiful that the Fairy King fell in love with her and carried her off to his fairy city. There he said a charm that caused her to forget her former life, her husband and her home.

When Ruarangi came home at night to find his house empty, his beloved wife gone, his grief was terrible. After a fruitless search he went to a Magician.

"Find out where my wife is," he begged.

"What will you give me for my services?" asked the Magician.

"Half my crop of sweet potatoes."

"Good. I will find her."

He made his magic ring and looked through his magic eyes. "Your wife is in the city of the Fairy King," he said at last. "The Fairy King

has said a charm to make her forget you and her home. You must go to the fairy city for her. I will say a spell that will cause her to remember everything when you appear."

He said the spell. When he had finished he said, "Take red ochre with you to rub on your wife's skin. The fairies will then be powerless to touch her."

Ruarangi set off, taking red ochre with him. After many days of travelling, he reached the fairy city, a quaint cluster of peaked houses built on a flat-topped hill. He climbed the hill and walked through the city, but houses and streets were empty. Not a fairy was to be seen.

On the next hill sports were being held. Everybody from the fairy city had gone to see them.

Ruarangi's beautiful wife walked on the sports-ground with the Fairy King, watching with idle eyes the racing, jumping and throwing of the fairy people. Suddenly, as Ruarangi's foot touched the empty fairy city on the neighbour hill, the Magician's spell did its work. In a flash her memory came back.

"My husband! My Ruarangi!" she thought. "What magic has bound me? I must escape."

Two fairies wrestled on the course. The King and all his people watched with eager interest. "I wish to speak to your brothers behind us," she said to the King. He nodded permission, his eyes on the performers.

She turned and walked down-hill, stopping but a moment to speak to the King's brothers. Once out of sight, she hurried on, meaning to escape. Passing through the fairy city, she met her husband looking for her.

"Ruarangi! My husband! Take me home," she cried. Ruarangi's heart sang for joy.

He rubbed red ochre on her face and neck, that no fairy spell should overtake her. Then he took her home. When they reached their country, a great feast of welcome was given by their friends, for joy at their safe return.

On the sports-ground the Fairy King waited for Ruarangi's wife. When she did not return, he sent a messenger for her. The messenger brought word that she had gone on to the city.

"It is well," said the King. "She rests. She has but mortal strength."

When the sports were over the fairies all went home, but she was not in the city. No clue was left but the prints of footsteps down the hill.

The King examined the footprints. "They are those of Ruarangi and his wife," he cried. "He has dared to enter my city and take her from me. He shall be punished. She shall return. Bring the army together with all speed. In three days we march on Ruarangi's city."

For two days the fairy army prepared their weapons and exercised themselves; on the third day they marched for Ruarangi's home, the Fairy King at their head.

Through the land the alarm was spread by swift-footed messengers: "The Fairy King draws near with his army."

"Prepare for war," Ruarangi commanded.

"There is no need," said the Magician. "There is a better way."

"Tell us," said Ruarangi.

"What shall I receive for helping you?"

"The other half of my crop of sweet potatoes."

"Good. Then listen to my words. You cannot fight the fairies. Their magic power would render you defenceless. But there are two things against which they have no power—red ochre and the steam of cooked food. Smear yourselves, your fences, and your houses with red ochre; cook food and set it steaming on your posts and roofs. Thus the fairy army will possess no power to harm you or your homes."

The people listened, and obeyed the words of the Magician. While the men rubbed red ochre over everything, the women cooked great quantities of food and set it steaming on the posts and roofs.

With a loud battle-cry the fairy army drew up in front of the waiting city. A gust of hot steam answered them; the crimson glow of red ochre flashed on their dismayed eyes. "Magic!" they cried in consternation. They turned to fly.

The Fairy King stood forth and called them to endure it. "I will overpower their magic!" he said.

Standing in front of his army, he began to chant an incantation that should remove the

paint and food. His fairies, listening, took courage to endure the horrid glow and stifling steam. But the Magician, hearing the King's words, sprang to the gateway of the city and chanted a spell to make the paint and food remain.

More and more loudly they sang, each trying to out-chant the other. Meanwhile, the paint and food did not move, a sign that the Magician's power was stronger than the King's.

At last the Fairy King realized that he was beaten. Turning, he gave orders for retreat. The fairy army marched away, never to return. Ruarangi and his beautiful wife were saved by the Magician's magic.

MAUI

WHEN he was a baby Maui was lost on the sea-shore. But though lost, he was not harmed, for the sea-creatures took care of him. Little waves rocked him to and fro, jelly-fish made a soft bed for him, sea-weeds floated above his limbs to shelter him, beach winds crooned light cradle-songs to lull him off to sleep.

He slept happily, till hungry sea-birds spied him. With their cruel eyes and strong hooked beaks they gathered round him, eager for a feast. The sea-weeds tossed themselves above him as protection, but the birds would certainly have devoured him had not Rangi looked down from the sky and observed his danger.

He called to the mountains, "Lift that child from the sea and hand him up to me."

The mountains stooped, lifted Maui from his

dangerous bed, and held him high as they could reach. Rangi stretched down his arms, took the little baby, and lifted him into the sky. The disappointed sea-birds flew away, and the kindly jelly-fish and sea-weeds were at liberty once more to float about on their own important businesses.

In the Sky-land Maui lived with Rangi till he was twelve years old. The life was very different from that which he would have lived amongst his brothers on the earth. Sky foods and cloud beds, sky games and sky work, made a most unusual boy of him. Best of all, Rangi taught him magic.

Through his magic lessons Maui learned how to lift with ease a thing a hundred times as big as himself; how to stretch a few feet of any substance so far that the further end became invisible; how to make himself invisible; how to change himself into any bird or animal he wished. Rangi taught him also many new ways of making ropes and fish-hooks, spears and axes—better ways than any earth-man knew.

Maui looked down on the earth and saw his

THE SEA-WEEDS PROTECT MAUI.

brothers at play. "May I not go to them?" he asked Rangi. "With them is my real home."

"Go down if you wish," replied Rangi. "I would not keep you here if you prefer a life on earth. But promise first to teach your brothers the useful lessons I have taught you."

Maui gladly promised. He said good-bye to Rangi and was gently lowered to the beach by his mother's house.

There his brothers were playing. He joined in their game, but they all stopped to stare at the strange boy. "Who are you?" one of them asked.

"I am your brother," he answered.

They would not believe him. "We have no brother," they said. They ran to the house and told their mother that a strange boy calling himself their brother had come to play with them. She hurried out to question him. "I am your little boy," he said. "I was lost on the seashore and have lived with Rangi ever since."

His mother believed him and took him into the house. She kissed him and told his brothers to be kind to him. So Maui lived at home.

He taught his brothers the useful arts that Rangi had taught him, and he kept them amused by his marvellous tricks. At first they were jealous of their mother's love for her recovered son; they were inclined to quarrel and be spiteful. But he showed them his magic powers and so won their admiration. He pulled a whale on to the beach, using only one hand in the effort; he changed himself into all the different birds, one after another; he made himself invisible. Awed by his strange powers, his brothers ceased their persecution.

When he was grown up he wandered round the village one night and put out all the fires. This was a serious matter, for the secret of making fire had long been lost. For many years the fires had never been allowed to die out. Now they were gone, and nobody knew how to start another.

In the morning the people cried out in dismay. "Some enemy has entered the pah and served us this ill turn," they lamented. "How shall we warm ourselves and cook our food?"

This was the opportunity Maui had been seeking. "See how helpless we are when our fires

go out," he said. "What we need is the secret of making fire. "I will go to the Fire-Goddess for this secret."

The people exclaimed in horror at his daring. His mother begged him not to expose himself to such danger. But Maui would go.

He went gaily through the dreary dark passages that led below the earth to the cave of the Fire-Goddess.

"Our fires on the earth are out," he said to her. "I have come to you for help."

The Fire-Goddess pulled fire from one of her finger-tips, lit a stick with it, and gave the stick to Maui.

He set off for home, but he was not satisfied. "This will start our fires," he thought, "but it will not teach us how to kindle fire. It is not what we need."

Coming to a pool of water, he purposely dropped the flaming stick in it. The fire went out, and he carried the stick back to the Fire-Goddess. "See," he said, "I dropped the stick in the water. Please give me another."

The Fire-Goddess drew fire from her next

finger-tip, lit another stick, and handed it to Maui.

Still disappointed, Maui treated this second stick as he had treated the first. Nine times he came back, and nine times the Fire-Goddess, unusually patient, drew fresh fire from a finger-tip. But at the tenth request she woke up to the fact that Maui was tricking her, that he was, in fact, trying to take all her fire from her in order to discover how she set to work to make new flame.

Angry at his presumption, she dashed the tenth fire on the ground. From where it fell a burst of fierce flame sprang. In a moment the whole place was ablaze. Maui fled, the raging Goddess after him.

Faster than the Goddess came the fire. It roared through the passage, coming out to the earth close behind him. The surrounding forest caught, and Maui was soon wreathed in flames. Speed could not save him, for the fire was ahead; he must use his magic. He changed himself into a hawk and flew high above the flames.

But the air above the fire was unbearably

hot. Looking down, he saw a pool of water. "I will cool myself there," he thought. He dived into the pool, but to his horror he found the water boiling with the heat of the fire. He rose hurriedly again into the air.

As far as he could see on every side the land was on fire. Even the sea was boiling with the heat. What to do he could not think, nor how to save his mother's house and all the houses of the pah. His own life, too, was in danger. He felt he could not bear the heat much longer. Suddenly he remembered Rangi. He cried to him for help. "Send rain," he begged.

Rangi heard the cry, saw Maui's danger, and sent rain at once. But the fire was so great that the rain could not quench it, so he gathered all the rain clouds and storms of the sky and sent down a deluge that made a flood. That put the fire out.

Higher and higher rose the flood, till the Fire-Goddess was thoroughly soaked and almost drowned. She fled in terror to her cave. All her fire was lost except some sparks which she threw into the tops of the tallest trees.

Maui was saved. He went home and related his adventures. His people had been terror-stricken at sight of the great fire and the flood, and were rejoiced to welcome him. "But where is the fire you went to find?" asked his mother.

"It is in the tops of some trees," said Maui.

He climbed the trees and broke off small dried branches. He rubbed the branches upon one another till sparks flew out. He caught the sparks in twigs and blew them into flame. He had found the secret of making fire. Ever since his people have made their fires from the branches of these trees.

MORE ABOUT MAUI

MAUI had a grandmother, a strange old Magic-woman, whose bones worked enchantments. He visited her and asked her to give him one of these bones. She slipped out her jaw-bone from its place and presented it to him. He returned home delighted, for now his magic powers would become greater than ever.

It was summer time, and the days were burning hot. The people grumbled at the Sun. "He is too fiery," they said. The women said, "He travels so fast through the sky that darkness comes before our work is finished."

"Ah," thought Maui, "the magic jaw-bone shall help me now."

He said to his brothers, "Come! we shall force the Sun to move more slowly."

Everybody laughed at such a wild idea. The

brothers were afraid to go; but Maui spoke of the magic bone and persuaded them to trust his powers and help him.

For the next few weeks he and his brothers were busy men, twisting ropes stronger, longer and thicker than any seen on earth before. Maui sang a spell over them to make them proof against the power of the Sun.

When the ropes were finished the men set out for the edge of the world. They travelled by night, resting in the shadow of the bush by day, so that the Sun should not see them and guess their intention. When they reached the edge of the world they lay down to wait for the dawn.

Maui gave his orders. "When the Sun begins to rise above the edge, fling the ropes over him. Then hold him firmly while I beat him."

Presently morning broke and the Sun came rushing up to his day's work. "Wait till we can see the middle of him," whispered Maui. "Now!" as the round body came into full view. They threw the ropes and caught the Sun fast.

He struggled, he panted, he roared, he threatened Maui with every penalty he could remember;

but Maui only laughed, and the ropes held fast. Then Maui beat him with the magic jaw-bone till he was so flattened out, and his rays so scattered, that he has never since been able to scorch the world as he did before.

When the beating was over, and the Sun was whining for mercy, Maui tied the ends of the ropes firmly to the edge of the world. "You must move slowly in future," he said, "for you are tied to the earth. The day will be longer now."

Maui and his brothers returned home, well pleased with their work. On a cloudy day the ropes may still be seen, stretching from the earth upward to the Sun. Any one not knowing the story might mistake them for long beams of light, but in reality they are the magic ropes, the signs of Maui's mastery over the Sun.

Strange to say, the brothers began to fear Maui. They were afraid that some day he might turn his magic against them. When they could, they made their excursions without him.

One day, when going fishing, they refused to take him in the boat. He allowed them to start without him, then changed himself into a bird

and overtook them. "Row far out!" he commanded as he seated himself in the boat.

"Why should we? This is our usual fishing-place." The brothers were frightened and uneasy at finding that they could not escape from Maui.

"Maui said: "One reason for going further out is that you will catch more fish if you do."

"How do you know that?"

"Do I not know many things that you have never learned?" asked Maui impatiently.

"That is true," said one of the brothers. "Perhaps it is best to go."

They rowed farther out, till Maui said, "Stop. Let down your lines." In a few minutes they caught so many fish that the boat was heavily laden.

"We have enough," said one. "Let us go home."

"I have my fishing to do yet," said Maui. "For that you must row further out."

"The boat is full already," said his brothers. "Besides, it is not safe to go out of sight of land."

"You know it is safe while I am with you,"

answered Maui. "Indeed, if you look you will see that we are already out of sight of land."

The brothers looked. To their horror they saw that the land was gone. Maui, using his magic power, had stretched out the sea until the other end could not be seen.

He laughed at their terrified faces. "You need not be afraid," he said. "No harm will come to you if you obey me."

The brothers realized that he had the power that must be obeyed. They rowed out to sea, further and further, until he gave the order to cease rowing. "Here I will do my fishing," he said.

He had carved a fish-hook from the magic jaw-bone. This he carefully fixed to his line. Dropping it into the water, he fished till the pull on the line told him that something was caught.

It was no ordinary fish. The weight was tremendous. Human strength alone could not pull it up. Nothing but magic power could move it.

Maui grasped the line with both strong hands, leaned over the edge of the boat, and sang a spell to help the magic fish-hook.

Slowly, inch by inch, he gathered in the line, chanting more and more loudly to make the great weight rise. The line came in now more quickly, the water began to hiss and bubble and boil, the boat heeled over to one side.

"Be careful, Maui. Be careful," his brothers cried. "You will drown us all."

Maui did not hear them. The great fish was rising, rising; it came to the top; the boat rose on its back. It was an island from the bottom of the sea that Maui had fished up!

The brothers sat in stupefied amazement, gazing at the land on which their boat now lay. Maui said: "This great fish is ours. By and by we shall divide it and each brother shall have his share. But first I must go to the Sea-king to take him a peaceoffering, that he may not be angry with us for bringing his fish to the surface of the sea. While I am away, be patient. Do not touch the island with your axes until the Sea-king is appeased and I return."

He left them. Almost as soon as he had gone those foolish brothers forgot his words. They scored upon the surface of the island with their

axes, each one saying, " I will have this portion," " I will have that."

Now the island was still half fish. At the touch of the axes it tossed its head, lashed its tail, writhed from side to side, until its surface was raised and dented in a hundred places. When Maui returned he found mountains and valleys where all the island had been flat.

" Foolish ones ! You have spoilt my beautiful smooth island," was all he said. He was a good-natured brother.

He dragged the boat down to the water and they all went home. Later, they took seeds and plants to the island and some of the brothers went to live on it.

Maui was troubled over the death of friends. " Is there no way of finding out whether men may not live for ever ? " he asked his father.

His father replied : " Where the horizon meets the sky lies Hiné, the giant Goddess of Death. If any man safely enter her and touch her heart, she would die and men would live for ever. But she is so terrible that no man dare go near her."

" What is she like ? " asked Maui.

"Her body is that of a giant, her hair is like tangled sea-weed, her mouth like that of a shark; from her red eyes come swift lightning flashes. She is fierce and cruel beyond all telling."

"I will go to her to win eternal life for the world," said Maui.

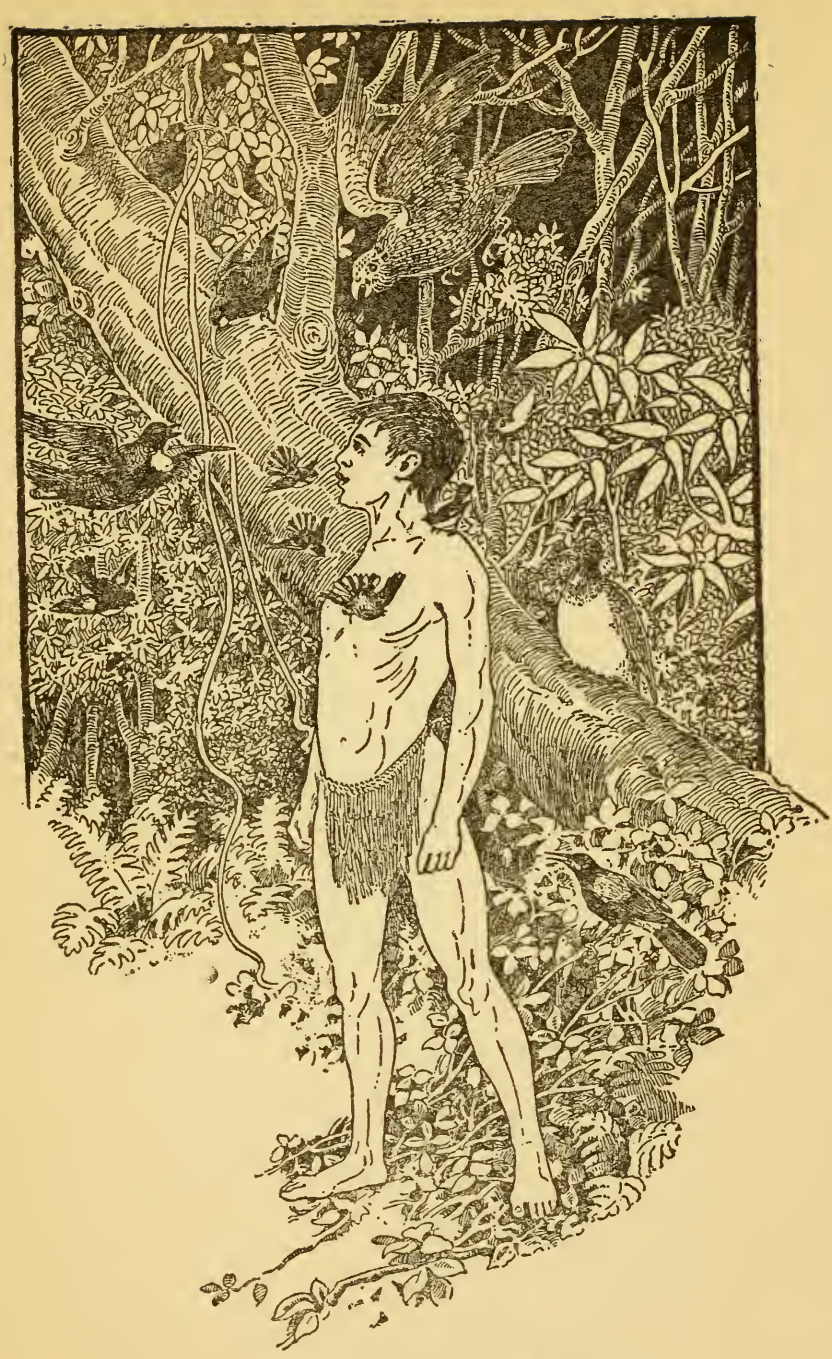
"No," said his father. His mother said: "Death waits for you there. Something tells me that if you go I shall never see you again. Do not go."

Maui would not be dissuaded. "Have I not beaten the Sun?" he asked. "Have I not fished up a great island to be a home for men? My magic shall protect me. I will go."

He tried to find companions for his journey, but everybody was afraid. Even his brothers, though they knew his powers, would not face the dreadful Goddess.

At last he set forth alone. Then the birds, who loved him, gathered round to keep him company. They hopped and flitted beside him on the track, cheering him with their merry talk and sweet bush songs.

At the end of their long journey they came on Hiné, fast asleep. "Silence now!" Maui whis-



THE BIRDS GO WITH MAUI.

pered to his little friends. "I shall jump down her throat as she lies there with her mouth so widely open. If you wish to preserve my life, utter no sound to waken her till I return."

The birds promised in whispers to be silent as the grave. Maui threw off his cloak and ran back for his spring. He ran swiftly forward, leapt, and alighted in Hiné's throat. He did not slip through quite so easily as he expected; for a moment his legs dangled outside in the most comical manner. The birds tried to stifle their laughter, but the little wagtail could not keep it in. She laughed out merrily, and so set the others laughing.

In an instant Hiné woke, shut her great teeth together, and killed poor Maui.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the terrified birds. They flew off to take the sad tidings to Maui's mother and father.

The remorseful wagtail hid herself in misery, but the North-west Wind found her out and learned from her what she had done. He flew to Rangi with the news of Maui's death.

"Tell Hiné to give up his spirit to me," said

Rangi. "She has his body, but his soul must come to Sky-land." The Wind delivered the message, and Hiné had to give up Maui's soul.

So Maui went to live again in the sky, and there he has lived ever since. When the nights are dark the earth-men say: "Maui is doing that. He has put his hand over the moon to tease us here below."

THE KING AND THE FAIRIES

On Maui's island, many years after it was fished up from the bottom of the sea, and when the forests had grown and the land was peopled, there lived a King who was good to his subjects and thought constantly of their welfare.

Off the shores of the island fish were plentiful. Shoal after shoal swam past the headlands; millions crowded up the rivers. Through the long summer the people fished; the fish that were not eaten fresh were dried in the sun and strung for winter use.

But the only method of catching fish these people knew was that of the line and hook. It was slow work, in spite of the numbers of fish, for they could catch only a few at a time; they were forced to see the rest of the shoal go by uncaught. They often grumbled at the slow-

ness of the work, but they never thought of any better method.

The King thought much on the subject, however. One day, after listening to the grumbling of his fishermen, he set himself to work to devise some new and better method. He lay awake all night; he spent three days in puzzled thought over the matter, but no plan came to him.

At last, tired of trying, he gave it up. "I cannot find a new way," he told the fishermen.

That night he had a dream. He dreamt that a voice said: "Go north. There you shall find what you seek!" The dream was so vivid, the voice so real, that he could not forget. He told his people about it, saying, "I will go north."

The people begged him not to go. "Dark forests and bitter enemies lie to the north," they said. "Besides, a dream may mean nothing. If you must go, we go with you."

"That cannot be," replied the King. "You must not leave your homes undefended."

"Neither can we allow you to go north undefended," cried his men.

The King perceived their earnestness and their

love for him. "Perhaps, after all, the dream meant nothing," he said. "I will wait to see if it comes again." He went hunting, and thought no more of the matter.

That night the dream came again. "Go north to find what you seek," the voice said. "Go alone, and go now."

"It must mean something," thought the King, starting up. "I will go now, while my people are asleep."

He threw his beautiful cloak of feathers over his shoulders, found his weapons of the chase, and crept softly past his sleeping people out into the night. "I must hasten," he thought, "so as to be far away before morning. My people mean kindly, but the voice said, "Go alone," and alone I will go till I find what I am seeking."

He set out, full of courage. During the night he travelled over the country he knew. When day came he rested or hunted his food. Each night he went on again, till he reached the dark forest. Here he travelled by day, for fear of lurking enemies.

Food was plentiful. He snared or speared wild

pigeons and tuis, caught fish in the rivers, gathered bramble and fuchsia berries.

At last he came out beyond the forest. Another day's journey brought him to the end of the land. He stood on a low-bushed hill; below lay a little bay with a beach of white sand; beyond that was the open sea.

"I cannot go further north," he thought. "Yet, where is the thing I seek? I will wait, to see what may happen." He lay down between the bushes and rested, watching.

Night came. The drowsy birds went twittering to their nests, the moon rose over the hills. Presently, from far across the sea, floated singing sweeter than any uttered by mortal tongues.

Enraptured with the sound, the King sprang up. Round the bend of the bay came a fleet of fairy boats, decked with flowers. In the boats, some rowing, all singing, were troops of fairies.

Reaching the beach, the fairies sprang to shore and pulled their boats on to the white sand. Then they dragged something from each boat and threw it into the sea, shouting gaily: "In with the nets, brothers! This is a good fishing-place."

The Fairy Fishers.

"Nets! what are they?" thought the King. "Something to do with fishing, evidently. Ah, this must be what I was sent to see."

He crept softly down the side of the hill, keeping in the shadow. As he reached the beach the fairies drew in the nets, and he caught his breath with wonder. The nets, of shining silver threads, were filled with leaping, flashing fish, gleaming in the moonlight like spangled dancers of the deep.

"Clear the nets! In with them again!" cried the fairies.

They gathered the fish and strung them on threads of flax, laughing, chattering and singing all the time. Then into the sea again the nets were cast.

The King watched, creeping nearer and nearer, but always in the shadow. "I must see how those nets are made," he said.

At last he stood amongst the fairies, unseen because the moon had slipped behind a cloud. He began to haul at one of the nets, helping the fairies to pull it to the shore. When it came to land he seized one end and tried to see how it

was made. The knots were hard to understand. He was still puzzling over them when the fairies said: "In with the net again." He had to let it go.

He walked to the next net as it came up, but still he could not see how the knots were made. He grew so interested in the nets that he forgot about the moon, till suddenly a cry rose from the fairies: "A mortal! A mortal is amongst us!"

He looked up. The cloud had passed, the moon shone full upon him, the fairies were flying in dismay to their boats. They sprang in, pushed off, and rowed far out to sea, leaving the King alone on the empty beach.

He turned sadly shorewards. "All is lost," he said. "I have nothing to take back to my people. A little longer, and I should have found the secret of those knots."

His foot caught in something—he almost fell. Stooping, he saw to his great joy that a net lay at his feet. In their hurried flight the fairies had forgotten it.

He gathered it up with thankful hands. "The

voice spoke truly," he whispered, " this is indeed what I sought. Now I can teach my people to make nets."

When morning dawned he set off on his homeward journey. At each resting-place he practised the knots with strips of flax, until by the time he arrived at home he was ready to teach his people how to make them.

The land was filled with joy at his return, for the people had mourned him as dead. He showed them the net and told of his adventure with the fairies. He taught them the knots; he showed them how to make nets for themselves. Then they all went fishing with their new nets, catching hundreds of fish where in former times they had caught twos and threes, and storing up a plentiful supply for winter use.

So the good King obtained a blessing from his people. To this day they use the nets he taught them first to make.

HATUPATU

HATUPATU was the youngest of three brothers. Though he was but a lad, his brothers were men. They were cruel to him. They beat him and starved him and gave him all the hardest work to do.

Once, when out hunting, they snared a great number of tuis and wild pigeons. Hatupatu was ordered to cook some of them for supper and to pot the remainder for winter use. None were given to him; he went hungry to bed. Next day the elder brothers again went hunting, leaving Hatupatu at the camp to finish potting the birds.

Hatupatu looked at the food with famished eyes. "I will have a feast," he said, "whatever the result may be."

He brought out the cooked and potted birds,

sat down, and fed till he had thoroughly satisfied his ravenous hunger. When he could eat no more he set to work to make the camp look as if an enemy had broken into it and stolen the food. He knew he need expect no mercy from his brothers if they suspected him. He threw the cooking pots about, knocked several things over, cut himself a little and smeared the blood over his hands and face and chest, then lay down and slept.

When the brothers returned they found the camp in confusion, the food gone, and Hatupatu apparently wounded. "Some enemy has been here," they cried.

They ran out to look for the enemy. No signs in the bush around, no strange footmarks, proclaimed the visit of strangers. Puzzled, they returned. The eldest brother bent to look at Hatupatu's wounds, and at once discovered the trick. He shook the boy, pulled him from the mat on which he lay, and pushed him towards the spring. "Wash!" he said.

Hatupatu tremblingly obeyed. As the blood came off, and the brothers saw how they had

been deceived, they flew into a fury. "You are the enemy!" they cried. They beat him so cruelly that his screams rang through the forest.

His old grandmother heard him from her whare at the edge of the bush. She hurried to the spot to see what was the matter. "Leave him alone!" she called to the brothers.

They obeyed her because they feared her magic power. They left the boy and slunk away to their camp.

"Why did they beat you?" the grandmother asked.

Hatupatu told her about the feast and the trick. For the first time she learned how cruelly his brothers treated him. "You must run away from them," she said.

"Where could I be safe from them?" he asked hopelessly. "They would find me and punish me more cruelly than ever."

"I will give you a magic gift," she said. "You shall have the power to enter earth or water without harm coming to you. Thus you shall escape from your brothers."

She gave him the power, and returned to her home.

Hatupatu ran into the bush. He ran, and walked, and ran on again, till many miles lay between him and his brothers. When darkness fell he crept into a heap of dry fern and slept cosily. Next day he journeyed still further from his brothers, till at last he felt sure he was safe.

He was happy at last. He lived by himself in the bush, with no one to beat him and revile him. Everything he caught was his own, so he was well fed. Though alone, he was free, and well content.

One day, while spearing birds with a long sharp-pointed stick, another spear, crossing his, pierced the tree from the other side. He stepped round the trunk to see who was there, and found himself confronting a Mist-woman.

He drew back in fear. He would have fled, but her power held him. Tall as the tree, white and mysterious, she looked down at the lad with thoughtful eyes.

"It is a new bird," she said. She gathered him up in one hand. "I will take it home."

Hatupatu struggled, but she held him fast. "I am no bird! I am a boy!" he cried. She thought he was but chirping as other birds chirped. She carried him to her home.

It was a huge room, full of birds. Birds of all kinds were here, kept as pets, from bush and river, from sea and lake. They were happy enough, for the Mist-woman loved them and kept them well fed. But Hatupatu, who was not a bird, wept at the thought of his lost freedom.

It was lost indeed. For years the Mist-woman held him prisoner, carefully fastening the door on the outside every morning when she left the house, shutting it with magic words each night when she returned. She fed him well, and petted him; but she would not set him free.

At last he learned the magic words that unfastened the door. Now he only waited for a chance to escape. He made his plan.

Each morning the Mist-woman asked, "Where shall I look for your food to-day?"

"Over the farthest ridge of hills are the finest pigeons," Hatupatu replied this day.

"I will journey there," she said.

As soon as she was gone Hatupatu opened the door and stepped out, fastening it securely behind him. Gathering twigs, he stopped up any holes through which a bird might squeeze, for fear one should fly out and warn the Mist-woman. Then he set off, running fast for freedom.

But he had missed a tiny hole in the house. The smallest bird found it, squeezed itself through, and flew out to warn its mistress of Hatupatu's escape. Back over the hills came the Mist-woman, following fast in Hatupatu's track.

She soon overtook him, for with every few steps she covered miles. As she reached for him, however, he remembered his grandmother's gift. Hastily muttering the magic words, he saw the ground open before him. He stepped down. The earth closed again over his head, leaving the Mist-woman gazing in bewilderment.

He waited below the ground till he thought she must have gone, then he came up again. But she was still there, watching for him. He had to run to escape her. As she overtook him he entered the earth again. So the chase went on

for hours, until at last she turned home in weariness. He never saw her again.

In his flight he had unconsciously drawn near his old home. When he noticed this he had a desire to return to it. "Now that I am a man my brothers cannot ill-treat me as they did years ago," he thought.

He went home, but his brothers showed no pleasure at his return. He was too big to be beaten or starved, but they took a delight in quarrelling with him and fighting him at every opportunity. He was soon most unhappy.

A neighbour said: "Our tribe has many enemies. Surely three brothers should fight them rather than one another."

The elder brothers were pleased with the idea, for they loved to fight. They gathered together the warriors of the tribe and led them across the lake and over the hills to fight a troublesome tribe who had often harassed them.

Hatupatu begged for warriors and a place in the canoes, but his brothers refused to listen to him. They set off without him, and he returned home disconsolate.

He longed to win a battle for his people, to do something that would give him a place in their esteem and his brothers' respect.

"I will go to the fight," he said. "If I cannot have men I can at least pretend to have them."

He had a plan in his mind. He borrowed thirty cloaks like those the warriors wore, together with several gayer ones such as commanders wore. Rolling the cloaks into a bundle, he took them on his back and set out.

Coming to the lake, he repeated the magic words, stepped into the water, and walked across on the lake-floor, eating mussels as he grew hungry on the way.

Over the hills, on a little plain beside the bush, he found his brothers encamped with their armies. Walking softly, he crept into the edge of the bush and unrolled the bundle of cloaks. Tying the bushes into the shape of men, he dressed them in the warrior's cloaks, keeping the richer ones for himself. In a short time he had the thing so well done that at a little distance his bushes looked like men.

The enemy came in sight. They showed no

fear of the armies on the plain, but Hatupatu soon had them secretly terrified of his army. As they approached he strode out from the bushes, gave orders in a loud voice, disappeared, changed his cloak, came out and gave orders in a changed voice. He kept this up for a long time, till he had worn all the gay cloaks. The enemy thought there were many commanders here, and that therefore there must be a great army hidden behind the trees.

The battle began. Hatupatu could not go into the open to fight, but he shouted orders and made a great noise, keeping the fear of his army in the minds of the enemy.

The elder brothers were losing the battle. Their men were no match for the enemy. At length they were driven back to the edge of the bush, almost exhausted.

On came the enemy. They were now facing Hatupatu's army of bushes. They halted. They could see only thirty men, as they thought; but Hatupatu still shouted orders in different voices behind the trees. How many armies were hidden there?

At last, with a shout, their leader rushed forward. Hatupatu ran to meet him, and with one axe-blow struck him to the ground. At the sight of their leader fallen, the terrified enemy turned and fled across the plain, their ears ringing with the fancied shouts of thousands of hidden warriors.

Seeing them run, the elder brothers with their armies turned on them and drove them far across the hills.

When they returned the warriors made speeches praising Hatupatu's cleverness and courage. "He shall be our leader," they said. "We will follow none but him." Across the lake the best place in the largest canoe was kept for him.

When they reached their own country the warriors spread his fame far and wide. He became the greatest and most powerful man in the land.

His brothers dared not ill-treat him now, nor even quarrel with him. He was so kind-hearted that he never punished them for their unkindness to him in his youthful days, but lived in peace with them, happy in the position he had won.

THE STAR HUNT

MATARIKI was a Sky-fairy. His duty was to keep his star shining brightly that it might light up the earth at night. So well did he love his star, and so faithfully did he polish it, that it soon outshone all other stars. This raised fierce jealousy in the hearts of the Sky-fairies.

Brighter and brighter grew his star, until even the people on the earth began to raise their eyes in admiration.

Then Tané grew jealous. He wished the people of the earth to be always praising the beauty of the trees that he had made. In his eyes nothing could compare with them. Yet here were the foolish people gazing past his trees at Matariki's star.

"It will grow dim," said Tané. "I will wait."

But nightly the star grew brighter and more

beautiful, till all the world was gazing at it. The beauty of the trees was quite forgotten.

Tané could bear it no longer. He sent for two of the jealous Sky-fairies. "Help me," he said. "Together we can catch this troublesome Matariki and destroy his star."

The jealous Sky-fairies gladly promised their help. The three made plans for catching Matariki. "Wait a few nights, till he has forgotten your visit to me and has lost any suspicions he may now have," said Tané. "Then we will rush out on him and kill him and take his star and break it."

Matariki, being kind and gentle, had friends as well as enemies. One of his friends was a little Lake-Princess, the calm waters of whose home Matariki had used as a mirror for his star. The Lake-Princess had been proud to be of service to Matariki, and the two had become firm friends. The Princess, lying still in the soft silence of the night, overheard Tané and his friends plotting to kill Matariki. She at once determined to help him.

She called the Wind to her side and told him

the plot. "We must help Matariki," she said. "What can be done?"

"We are not strong enough to fight against Tané and the Sky-fairies," said the Wind.

"But we can warn Matariki" cried the Princess. "To-morrow I go to Sky-land to tell him. Be here to help me."

In the morning the Princess sent a message to the Sun. "Help me to rise to Sky-land."

The Sun sent down his strongest beams. The Princess rose from her home in the lake and floated upwards on the golden sunbeams through the air. Light morning mists wreathed round and hid her form from Tané's eyes; the strong arms of the Wind pushed her ever upward till she reached the sky.

She found Matariki, told him all the plot against his life and his star, and begged him to hide until his enemies had forgotten their anger against him.

"I cannot leave my post, little Princess," said Matariki. "My place is here. But I am warned, and ready to fly at any moment to save my star. Go back to your lake, lest Tané see

you and work you harm. Take with you the warmest thanks of Matariki for your friendliness and courage."

The Princess went home. The clouds sent down a little shower of rain to cover her from Tané's eyes, the Wind flew to help her and to hear how she had fared.

Three nights later Tané called on the Sky-fairies to help him. The three rushed out together to kill Matariki.

But he was warned! At the first sound of their approach he seized the star in his hand and fled with it. With shouts of rage the three flew after him, and the wild chase began.

Matariki had the lead. He flew at headlong speed through the great spaces of the sky, winding in and out between the stars, trying to hide behind the moon. Tané rushed after him into his hiding-places, just in time to see him escaping in another direction. Sky-fairies scattered over the sky drew back in fear of Tané. No one was brave enough to help Matariki.

Round and round the sky the fierce chase went on. Matariki was still ahead, but he was growing

THE STAR HUNT.

weary. "I must rest," he thought. "I will go down to my little Princess and hide in her lake."

He shot down to the earth. The Princess, watching the chase with her heart beating for him, was filled with joy when she saw him take refuge in the lake.

"Hide there and rest," she said as he sank to the cool valleys below the water. She floated up to a rock to watch lest harm should come to him.

One of the Sky-fairies had seen Matariki go down to the lake. He hastened to tell Tané. They all came down to the earth, and found the Princess sitting on her rock.

"Give up Matariki," said Tané. The Princess slid into the water out of sight. She would not give up Matariki, but her fear of Tané would not let her answer him.

Matariki lay quietly at the bottom of the lake, while Tané shouted angrily above it. "I will drive him out," said one of the jealous fairies.

He flew to the other side of the lake and sang a magic song to draw the waters to him. In a few minutes the lake heaped itself up at the end,

and Matariki was left uncovered. Again he had to rise and flee.

He left the earth ; once more the chase went on in the sky. Matariki had rested and could fly faster, while his enemies were growing wearied. " I shall soon tire them out and be free," he thought joyfully.

Poor Matariki. He was too hopeful. Tané saw that the race was over. " Something must be done at once," he said. " We shall never catch him now. Give me something to throw at his star. We may at least break that."

He seized a star and hurled it with all his force. There was a crash, a cry of despair from Matariki. His splendid star fell in seven pieces.

Tané laughed. He picked up the broken pieces and threw them far into the southern sky. " I do not think the earth-men will gaze at the wonderful star now," he said. " Their eyes will turn again to the beauty of my trees." The three went away triumphant, leaving Matariki gazing with sad eyes at his broken star.

The seven pieces still shine on in the Southern sky. Earth-men point to them and call them

"Little Eyes." "See!" they say, "through them look down the eyes of brave men who have died in battle and have been taken to the upper world."

The Lake-Princess still loves to see them shining in the waters of her lake, for they belong to Matariki, who is her friend. And Matariki's heart still aches for the lost splendour of his star.

THE PET WHALE

TINIRAU the King lived on an island across the sea. He had a pet whale, which was so tame that he could ride on its back. Summoned by the King's whistle, the whale would swim to the shore to be fed and petted, then off he would bear his master for a merry ride on the sea.

Old Kae, a chief from a neighbouring island, came to visit Tinirau. He was much interested in the pet whale, and cast covetous eyes upon it. When the time came for him to return to his own island, he refused to go in the canoe. He gave Tinirau plainly to understand that he desired to ride home on the whale.

At last Tinirau lent him his pet. "Be kind to him," he said, "and return him faithfully. As soon as he touches the shore of your island he will shake himself. You must at once jump off

upon the right side and allow him to return to me."

Kae promised to obey instructions, and set out on his homeward voyage. The whale swam carefully through the water, Kae high upon its back, enjoying his unusual method of travelling.

When they came to the shore, and the whale touched the bottom, he shook himself as a sign for Kae to jump off. But Kae sat still. "Swim further in," he commanded.

The whale obeyed his voice. Carefully he swam a little further in, then again stopped and shook himself.

"Go on!" cried Kae, now quite determined to steal this obedient whale. For the third time the whale swam, stopped and shook himself. After that no commands moved him; he lay still, afraid of being stranded on the beach.

Kae's people stood on the shore to welcome their chief. "Bring ropes!" he called to them. "Haul the whale to shore."

They brought their strongest and longest ropes, and threw them noosed over the whale, pulling hard together to haul him to the shore.

The whale struggled and would have escaped, so great was his strength, but in his twistings his blow-holes became choked with sand. A few spasms and writhings, sad to see, and he lay dead!

Kae was disappointed. It was as a living pet that he had wished to keep the whale. However, now that the creature was dead they might as well have a feast, he said. He gave orders that the whale should be dragged on shore, cut up and cooked.

Fires were made, ovens heated, the flesh was cooked. Everybody on the island was on the shore, feasting for days. Songs were sung, dances danced, stories told. All were merry. And Kae never once remembered to be ashamed of his broken promise to the kindly Tinirau.

In the other island Tinirau waited patiently for his pet. "He stays long away," he said. "I hope no harm has come to him." On the day the ovens were opened on Kae's island the delightful smell of roast whale was borne across the sea. "Ah! they eat whale in Kae's island," Tinirau remarked, but he could not, would not, believe it was his pet

At last, however, passing strangers brought word that it was really Tinirau's whale that had been eaten on Kae's island. All the story was told of Kae's cruelty and theft.

The King was filled with wrath. "Who will go to punish this false Kae?" he asked.

Forty men stood up. "We are ready," they said.

The wife of one of them sprang forward. "Hear me, great Tinirau!" she cried. "Our husbands go to certain death, for Kae's army is strong. He will send out a great number against these forty, and slay them all. Send us, their wives, instead."

A burst of laughter came from the men, but the woman went on: "If women go Kae will not suspect any harm. He will think we have merely gone on a visit to his island. He will entertain us instead of gathering his army. We shall use our magic to make him fall asleep, and while he sleeps we shall carry him here to be punished by you. What think you of my plan?"

"It is good, if the other wives are willing," replied the King.

The other wives came forward, till forty of them stood in a row. "We are willing," they said.

The men were doubtful of the wisdom of allowing women to go on such a dangerous errand, but the wives were determined, and the King approved of the plan. He gave orders that boats should be made ready.

The women set out. When they reached Kae's island, the old chief, thinking they had come as visitors, treated them politely. He took them into a great hall. The islanders brought food and made a feast.

When the feast was over stories and songs were given. The evening went merrily. As midnight approached the forty women began to work their magic, singing charms that threw the people one by one into a heavy sleep.

They sang on. Everybody seemed to be asleep but Kae. Unblinkingly he stared at them. However strong they made their spells, his eyes remained wide open.

One of the women, at last suspecting a trick,

crept to him and bent low to look at him. With a laugh of triumph she sprang up again, holding out two shining pieces of polished shell, which she had taken from Kae's eyes.

When he saw his people dropping so suddenly off to sleep the king had grown suspicious. Taking the round pieces of shell from the wall beside him, he had placed them over his eyes, thinking: "The shining of the shells will look like the shining of my eyes. They will think I am watching them, and will be afraid to touch me." In reality he was in a magic sleep as sound as that of any of his people.

The women stepped outside and formed a line of twos at equal distances, stretching from the hall to the boats on the beach. Two were left in the hall. When all were ready these two lifted Kae and carried him out to the next two. These two carried him to the next two; they in turn passed him on. So he was passed down the whole line.

Still sleeping his magic sleep, he was placed in one of the boats. The women sprang in, pushed off, and rowed home.

Their husbands met them, pleased at their success and their safe return. Kae was handed over to Tinirau, who punished him so effectively that he never stole again.

ON THE MOON

When Shining-Eyes threw the Fire-that-never-goes-out into the sky it was only a flaming stick, but it grew rounder and wider and cooler, until at last it became a great Moon-land. It was a wonderland place. Everything gave out a golden light—mountains and lakes, rocks and trees and flowers, and even the walls and spires of a beautiful moon-palace that Marama had built.

In the palace lived Marama, all alone. At first he had been so charmed with his fine new land that he had not noticed the loneliness, but after some time he began to say to himself: "Why have I no one to share my work and play? There is no pleasure in playing star-ball by myself, and I am tired of singing with no one to listen. Oh, for a companion!"

He asked the Sky-fairies to live with him, but

they refused; they had their stars to guard. He looked down on the earth. A beautiful girl with a calabash in her hand walked to a stream at the foot of a hill for water.

A young man ran down the hill after her. "Ina! Ina!" he called. It was her old playmate, the friend she loved better than anybody else. She waited for him. They went to the stream together, and Marama watched the return. Several times the girl's face was turned upwards to the moon; each time Marama thought it more beautiful.

All next day he could think of nothing else. "She would never leave her old playmate and her home," he thought, "and yet she is the companion I desire. What a sweet friend she would be."

When night came again he watched for Ina. Down the hill she came as before, her calabash in her hand. Her playmate had not yet appeared; she awaited him.

"I will go down! She shall return with me," said Marama suddenly.

In a flash he stood before her. At first his

brightness dazzled her, but little by little she looked at him and saw that he was a stranger.

"I am Marama," he said. "I have come to ask you to live with me on the Moon. It is a beautiful life, and I will be kind to you. Come!"

Ina drew back. "I cannot leave my parents and my home," she said. "I should be most unhappy."

"You will soon forget them. On the Moon you will have other joys."

"But I do not want to forget them. And I have a friend. I will not come."

"Think how lonely I am up there," urged Marama. "Ina, you will never grow old in the sky, for I will take you to bathe in Tané's shining lake, which gives perpetual youth and beauty. Come with me."

"No," said Ina, "no, no!"

Marama flung his arm round her and lifted her from the ground. She screamed, caught a young palm-tree with her hands, and clung to it with all her strength. Gently but surely Marama lifted her, dragging the palm-tree out by the roots, and carried her up to his Moon-land.

"Plant the palm-tree here," he said as he set her down. "It will always remind you of your earth-home."

They planted the tree on the edge of the Moon, placing the calabash beside it. "Come and see your new home," said Marama. He led her proudly over his palace and its gardens. She was dazed with her quick flight and the brightness all around her, but she could not help seeing the beauty of the Moon-land.

Everything was new and strange. It took her many days and nights to learn to work and play as they worked and played in Sky-land; but Marama taught her gently, and they were soon the best of friends.

She learnt to make fine curtains from the fleecy morning clouds, and to throw them across the sky till they hung like lace-work over the blue. In times of storm she rolled the thunder-clouds; morning and night she painted the domed sky-roof with crimson and purple and gold. She kept the inside of the Moon-palace as bright and beautiful as Marama kept the outside, for she grew to love her home.

When the day was over came the time for play. Then Marama and Ina danced and sang, played with the stars, rode on the moonlit clouds, paid flying visits to Rangi or the fairies. Every month they bathed in Tané's shining lake, so that they should never grow old, but should for ever remain young and gay and beautiful.

But although Ina was so happy, and although she had learned to love Marama and her moon-home, she never forgot her old life, as Marama hoped she would. Deep in her heart lay the memory of her parents and her friend.

Often when the earth lay lit beneath the Moon she would stand for hours under her palm-tree, trying to see the hill and her friends. Until she had bathed in Tané's lake, she could not distinguish objects at such a great distance; after that, however, she found that she could see perfectly. Now, when she looked down, she saw her old playmate travelling wearily over the land in search of her, while her mother sat in the doorway wailing for her lost child.

Full of pity for her sorrowing friends, Ina flew to Marama.

"Marama," she said, "my mother weeps for me, and my friend roams the country in search of me. Look on the earth and you will see their sadness."

Marama looked below. "If my old playmate could see how happy I am he would be pleased," she went on. "Bring him here for a visit, Marama, that he may ease my mother's heart on his return."

"It is well said. I will bring him here," said Marama.

He flashed down to the earth, seized the young man in his arms, and carried him up to the Moon. Ina stood awaiting them. Astonishment and joy shone in her old friend's eyes as he stared at her.

Ina told him what had happened to her on that night when she disappeared from the hillside, and he told her how her friends had sorrowed for her ever since. Ina showed him the wonders of the Moon-land, and talked of her great happiness in living there.

"I can never come back to the earth," she said, "for I have bathed in Tané's lake; but you must

not think I am unhappy here. Indeed, I would not return to the earth if I could, the pleasures of this life are so great. Stay with us for a little while that you may see what happiness is mine."

He stayed with them, and they taught him the work and the play of the sky. When it was time for him to return Ina said: "Tell my mother and my friends what you have seen, that they may not sorrow for me any longer."

She called the rainbow, charging it to carry her old playmate safely to the earth. The rainbow hung over the earth, Ina said farewell to her friend, and he slid down the shining bow to the hillside.

When he told Ina's mother of her daughter's new life and great happiness, she dried her tears and rejoiced. As each night fell, and the Moon rose high in the sky, the earth-friends spoke of Ina and Marama and the wonders of their Moon-land home.

Ina was satisfied. But she has never lost her love for her old earth-home. Even now, when the Moon is clear of clouds, you may see her

gazing earthward, the tall palm-tree above her head, and the calabash at her feet. That is what you see if you look hard at the moon when it is at the full.

THE WOODEN HEAD

In his tower on a high hill Puarata the wicked magician kept a monstrous wooden head. The head was served by thousands of invisible genii, who sallied forth at its commands to work its evil will.

Puarata's power grew. He had only to cry, "Strangers pass!" to draw a shout so loud and terrible from the wooden head that all travellers within sound of it dropped dead. The forest was strewn with the bones of those who had perished; the hill became a noted danger spot, a menace to the country. Far and wide Puarata was hated and his power dreaded.

Parties of brave warriors left their homes to creep up the hill and surprise the old magician, and so put an end to the terror. But the invisible genii in the forest saw them and warned their

master. Then the great shout rang forth, and the warriors fell dead. The people despaired.

At last they begged help from Hakawau, a powerful sorcerer who used his art for good. "Rid us of this terror," they urged.

Hakawau considered. "I will dream over it," he said. "To-morrow I will tell you whether it will be well for me to go."

He called his genii round him, uttered spells, slept, and dreamed. In his dream he saw his genii driving Puarata's genii before them. "It is well," he said when he awoke. "I shall destroy Puarata's power."

Taking with him a brave and trusted friend, he set off for Puarata's hill. The people in the villages they passed came out to bring them food and cheer them on their dangerous way. Some said: "You go to death. Puarata is too strong. Stay here. Attempt not this rash deed." But the two would not be stayed.

At the edge of Puarata's country the heart of Hakawau's friend began to fail him, but Hakawau cheered him on. Later they came upon a pile of human bones. "We are now within sound of

the shout," he said. "Are we not courting death?"

Hakawau waved his hand. In a moment his friend saw what had before been hidden from him —thousands of good genii surrounding them. "Our guards," said Hakawau. His friend was from that moment fearless.

On a hill that faced Puarata's tower Hakawau called up his genii. Half he sent to show themselves before the tower, the remainder stayed invisibly by him.

As soon as the good genii showed themselves before the tower the evil genii rushed out at them. For a time Hakawau's genii fought; then, acting on instructions, they pretended fright, and fled down-hill. Puarata's genii pursued them far across the valley, leaving the tower undefended.

As soon as they were gone Hakawau sent the waiting genii to capture the tower.

They seized the tower, tied up the wicked Puarata, and beat him till his magic flew away. As the evil genii returned one by one from their fruitless pursuit through the valley, they too were seized and beaten till their magic flew away.

"Let us go up to the tower," said Hakawau to his friend.

In the tower Puarata lay fast bound. He ground his teeth with rage at sight of his successful enemy. "Strangers come!" he called, invoking the aid of the wooden head to avenge his fall.

No shout followed. A low, wailing cry was the only sound the wooden head had power to make. "Kill me," said Puarata. "My magic is gone. I would be gone, too."

"No," said Hakawau. "I do not kill. Your evil deeds are for ever stopped."

He unbound Puarata, leaving him alive but powerless.

So there was peace in that country, and men journeyed unafraid.

THE FOUNTAIN OF FISH

THE Sea-King's waves rolled up between the banks of a great river, stole a Shore-King's son, and carried him away to deepest ocean. The Sea-King shielded his servants; he would not own to the Shore-King that wrong had been done, or that the lost boy lay drowned in his dark caves; but the sea-birds told the Shore-King all the truth.

The Shore-King resolved to punish the Sea-King and his servants for the evil they had done. "I cannot punish them in their own waters," he said. "I must bring them to my country."

He sent an invitation to the Sea-King. "Visit me with all your people," he said.

The Sea-King sent back word: "In the long evenings of summer I will come."

The Shore-King prepared for their reception.

Calling Titipa, his magician, he told him of the plan for punishing the Sea-King and his servants.

"I will bring you a magic net," said Titipa. He travelled to the fairies' fishing-place for it.

He reached the beach at night. The fairies were hauling out their magic net ready for their fishing.

Walking in amongst them, Titipa, by one device after another, kept their attention so fixed on himself that he delayed the spreading of the net all night. Morning broke while he still tricked them. Terrified at the daylight, the fairies fled, leaving the magic net behind. Joyfully Titipa took it home.

"The Shore-Goblin shall help us," said Titipa.

He found the Shore-Goblin and bespoke his aid. Pleased to help, the Shore-Goblin gathered up great stones from the river and driftwood from the forests. The King's men built the stones into ovens and piled the driftwood ready for huge fires. At last all was ready. They waited for the Sea-King.

The long evenings of summer came. A cry

went up from the watchers on shore: "The Sea-King and his servants!"

The ocean was filled with fish. Up through the mouth of the river they came, a mighty fountain, leaping, falling, flashing, pouring one upon another in their millions, so closely packed that a man could cross from bank to bank upon their backs. So far back the fountain stretched that the end could not be seen.

"Cast the net," called the Shore-King. Titipa cast the magic net. A thousand fish were caught and flung in heaps on the shore, there to be prepared for the waiting ovens.

Again the net was cast, again and yet again. Each time it came in laden with its struggling spoil. The fires were lit, the ovens heated, the fish cooked. The Shore-King's people held high feast.

The Sea-King had escaped. Seeing at once the trap that had been laid, he swam back to the sea. He sent commands to his strongest waves to save the fish.

Six of the biggest waves rolled up the river and poured over the banks, gathering as they went all

the fish that were left alive. The Shore-King and his people fled far inland when they saw the waters coming.

The six great waves rolled back to the sea. "We have done what we could, but many thousands of your servants have been killed," they said. It was true. The Sea-King had indeed been punished. The Shore-people had obtained their vengeance and a feast.

Each year since then, when the long evenings of summer come, the Sea-King's foolish servants swim up the river to view the place where their friends were slain so long ago. Each year the Shore-Goblin piles up his wood and stones. Each year the Shore-men cast the net and hold high feast. Each year the six strong waves are sent to save the foolish fish.

RATA

RATA was a young man who had never seen his father. Throughout his boyhood he wondered why, but it was not till he had grown up that his mother told him.

"Years ago," she said, "when you were but a baby, the wicked goblin Matuku stole your father away. I have never seen him since. It was a heavy sorrow to me, but I could do nothing to save him, for I am but a woman, while Matuku is a goblin."

"I am a man now. I will find my father," said Rata. "See, I am strong, and my heart is fearless. Tell me where Matuku lives."

The mother smiled proudly at her eager son. "Yes," she said, "you are strong, and your heart is fearless, but Matuku is a goblin. He would take you too. I cannot let you go."

"I must go," Rata replied. "I can never rest again until I find my father. Tell me where the goblin lives."

He urged his mother daily, till at last she told him where Matuku lived. At once Rata set off to find the place.

As he drew near he met a bound man who asked where he was going.

"I seek Matuku," answered Rata.

"He lives beneath the ground on which we stand," said the man. "Once every month, when the new moon shines, he comes above the earth. Come then."

"I shall remember. Why are you tied?"

"I am kept here to warn Matuku when the new moon shines. He is cruel; he works much evil in the land. If you have come to punish him for wickedness to you or yours, I will help you."

"My thanks," said Rata. "With the new moon I return. You shall help me then to punish him. What is your name?" he asked, thinking that perhaps his father stood before him. The man gave his name, but it was not that of Rata's father. Rata went home again to wait.

RATA AND THE GNOME.

When the time of the new moon was nearly come he went again to the place where the goblin lived.

The man awaited him. "I have made a plan for you," he said.

He pointed out two fountains of clear water bubbling from the ground. "These are Matuku's fountains," he said. "In this he looks at himself; in that he washes himself. He comes first to this one, to see how long his hair has grown. You must not come near him then, for he would see you in the water. Wait till he goes to the other; there, while he washes himself, you can spring upon him from behind."

"I will follow your plan," said Rata. "Hide me till the goblin comes."

The man hid him in a bush, looked at the new moon rising in the sky, and called Matuku up. The ground rumbled and shook, a big hole opened close to the fountains, and the huge goblin sprang through it into the daylight.

He capered about and stretched his limbs. "I wonder how much my hair has grown this month," he said. He went to the first

fountain to look at himself. Rata kept very still.

Matuku crossed to the second fountain. Dipping his head in, he began to wash himself. With a sudden spring Rata was upon his bent back. Catching the long hair in his hands, he cried: "Tell me where my father is, or I will kill you."

Matuku gave in at once, for his whole strength lay in his hair, which Rata grasped. "Let me go. Do not kill me. I will tell you anything you wish," whined the powerless goblin.

"Give me back my father."

"I cannot give him back to you. I gave him to the Moonlight Goblins many years ago."

"I shall go to look for him," said Rata; "but I cannot leave you here to work more mischief among men. I will not kill you, but you must take some other form. You have the power to change yourself. What will you be?"

The Goblin thought, while the hands on his hair grew tighter. "A bittern," he said at last, and as a bittern he fled screaming into the bush. His power as a goblin was over.

Rata set the man free and they both went to their homes.

"Where is the Moonlight land?" Rata asked his mother.

"Far across the sea. And you have no canoe."

"I will make a canoe."

"But you have no strong axe to fell the tree."

"I will beg a strong axe from my great-grandfather," said Rata.

He went to his great-grandfather, told him why he wished to make a canoe, and obtained a beautiful greenstone axe, polished and hard.

Rata went to the bush to find a suitable tree for his canoe. On his way he passed a heron and a sea-snake fighting on the shore.

"Help me," the heron called to Rata, but because it was considered unlucky to interfere with a sea-snake Rata would not help the heron.

He found the finest tree in the bush and set to work to cut it down. All day his axe flew. At last, with a tremendous crash, the great tree fell. There he left it to lie till his return in the morning. On his way home he saw the heron and sea-snake still fighting.

Next morning he returned to the bush to begin the labour of hollowing his tree. The fight was still going on. As before, the heron called: "Help me," but Rata would not go. "You will never succeed in your undertaking unless you help me," called the heron.

Rata walked on, unheeding. He looked for his tree. To his amazement and dismay, it stood again in its old place, upright and unmarked. He looked, he rubbed his eyes, he looked again. There was no mistake. It was the same tree, standing as it had stood the day before he felled it.

"I will cut it down again," he said.

He worked all day. By night the great tree fell once more.

As he returned the following morning to the bush, the fight between the heron and the sea-snake was nearly over, for the heron's strength was almost gone. "Help me," she cried faintly, for the last time. The snake was just about to kill her. Taking pity at last, Rata rushed in with his axe and cut off the sea-snake's head. The grateful heron slowly followed him to the bush.

The tree was again raised to its old place, growing there as if his axe had never touched it. He cut it down once more, the heron watching him. "I will wait to see what happens," he said.

He hid between the trees to watch. As soon as he was out of sight troops of Bush-fairies came from their hiding-places, birds flew in from all directions, insects crept and ran and flew, until the tree was ringed about by creatures of the bush.

"Sing the Magic song," said a bush fairy. They all sang—

"Fly together, chips and shavings,
Stick ye fast together,
Hold ye fast together;
Stand upright again, O tree!"

Slowly the tree raised itself and stood in its place. Every chip, big or little, was carried to its place by birds and insects. In a few moments the tree was whole again.

Rata stepped from his hiding-place and seized a fairy. "Why have you done this?" he asked.

"Why did you fell one of Tané's trees without

first obtaining Tané's permission?" cried the fairy.

"Ah!" said Rata. "I forgot. I am ashamed that I did not ask Tané before felling his tree. My anxiety must be my plea." He told them why he wanted the canoe.

"That is a good reason," said the fairies, "but you should have consulted Tané first. However, you shall have our help. Go to your home. We will make the canoe for you. When morning breaks it shall be finished."

Rata went home happy. When he had gone the fairies sang a song that felled the tree and cut the branches off; commanded by the heron, the birds and insects pecked and bored and drilled until they hollowed out the trunk and smoothed the sides. When Rata returned in the morning a mighty canoe lay where the tree had lain.

Delighted at his good fortune, he expressed his thanks, then went back to the village, crying: "Who will go in my canoe to fight the Moonlight Goblins?"

"Where is your canoe?" asked his friends. "We have never heard of it."

"Come and see," said Rata. He led them into the bush. When they saw how large and strong-made it was, a hundred and forty men offered themselves as warriors. But when they tried to move the canoe they found it so heavy that they could not push it down to the water.

Again the Bush-fairies came to the rescue. They sent a message to the Sky-fairies; the Sky-fairies sent a rain that swelled the river into a flood pouring fast across the land. Higher and higher the water rose, until it lifted the canoe and floated it down to the sea.

Rata and his warriors took their weapons, said farewell to their friends, and rowed away. The flood went down and the land grew dry.

In three days the canoe reached the Moonlight-land. Rata and his men sprang ashore. The sound of solemn chanting met them. "I will see who sings. Wait here till I return," Rata whispered.

He walked silently till he came to a circle of trees. Within the circle of trees sat three circles of goblins; in the middle of the central space lay Rata's father.

The goblins were practising a magic song for raising the dead to life. Rata listened till he knew it thoroughly, then returned for his men.

Silently they crept round the circle of trees. At a signal from Rata they rushed in, taking the goblins so completely by surprise that they were able to destroy them all. Lifting Rata's father, they carried him towards the canoe.

The noise of the fighting, however, had reached a thousand other goblins in the land. They came down behind Rata's little band, and a fearful fight began.

Though Rata's men were brave, their number was too small to cope with such a multitude. In a very short time they all lay dead upon the ground. Rata alone was left to face the enemy.

They closed in to kill him. Suddenly the memory of the magic song came to him. He began to chant it. The goblins drew back in dismay. They dared not touch him while he sang the magic words.

One by one, raised by the charm, his men sprang up alive and well, rushing again to the fight.

He continued singing. His warriors fell, but rose again unhurt. His army could never be destroyed. "We have no chance of beating them," the goblins said. They turned and went away.

Thankfully Rata and his men marched to their canoe and rowed away. And joyfully Rata's mother welcomed her son and long-lost husband safely home again.

THE ISLAND AND THE TANIWHA

A FIERCE storm at sea caught a party of fishermen out in their boats. Rowing hard to shelter, they all reached their homes except two brothers called Manini and Hiki, who were farthest from land.

Buffeted by the wind, blinded by the rain, tossed on the great waves, they were carried past every point of land they tried to reach. To hope to guide their canoe was useless; they must be content at last to drift before the storm. Gradually they were carried out to sea, till they passed the place where the sky hangs down to meet the tumbling waters. Presently they saw land ahead. They guided the canoe to a sloping sandy beach.

They sprang out and drew the canoe high on the shore. Further along the beach were rocks

and a hill. They hurried towards these, hoping to find shelter from the storm.

From the rocks a cave led into the hill. Voices came from the cave. As they stood hesitating, an old woman came to the entrance, asking, "Who are you?"

"Two brothers who have been driven to your island by the storm," answered Manini. "May we take shelter in your cave?"

"Yes, yes. Come in," she said. She led the way into the cave. They followed her footsteps, but could not see her, for the cave was dark. "Rest here till morning," said the woman's voice.

Worn out with their fight against the storm, they laid themselves down and slept till morning.

When they woke, daylight streamed into the cave. The old woman sat looking at them. Behind her stood her daughter, a maiden so beautiful that each brother at once resolved to win her for his wife.

The old woman was friendly. She brought food and set it before them. To their astonishment, it was raw—raw fish, raw potatoes, raw

bird. "Do you not know the use of fire?" Manini asked, remembering also the darkness of the cave the night before.

"Fire! What is that?" the woman asked.

The brothers searched for dried wood. They rubbed rotten pieces together till a tiny flame sprang out; they wrapped the pieces in dry grass, waving them in the air till the whole burst into stronger flame; then they pushed the blazing bundle into a heap of sticks they had collected. There was soon a big fire.

Curiously, and with some anxiety, the women had watched every movement. They were plainly frightened. "What do you do with it?" the mother asked.

"Cook our food," answered Manini.

She could not understand. Fire and cooked food were as unknown to these people as the building of houses. She peered into the fires; the smoke rose into her face and turned her sick. "It is an evil thing," she cried. The brothers showed her where to stand and tried to teach her the dangers and the uses of the flames.

To cook their food they heated stones in the

fire. Raking them out when red-hot, they packed them into a small pit dug in the ground, and laid the food on top, placing a layer of leaves under and over the food. They then spread turf over the top of the pit, and left the food to cook.

After a while they turned the turf off and lifted out the food. Such an appetizing smell arose from it that the women could not resist it. They ate their share with relish. "It is good," said the mother. "We shall eat no more meals raw."

She went round the hill to tell her neighbours. They came running back with her, eager to see the strangers, the wonderful fire, and the oven in the ground that made food taste delicious.

Manini and Hiki showed them all how to make fire and cook their food. They found themselves held in such reverence by these simple, untaught people that they resolved to settle on the island. They built a house for themselves, and taught the people to build others.

When the house was finished, Manini said to the old woman: "Give me your beautiful daughter to be my wife." But Hiki had already said the same thing. The mother did not know which

brother to favour. She did not think of asking the daughter for her opinion on the matter. If she had, the daughter would have chosen Manini.

At last the old woman said to the brothers: "You must run a race. The winner shall marry my daughter if he can afterwards kill the Taniwha."

All the islanders gathered round, a course was set, and the brothers raced. It was a close struggle, but in the end Manini won. The beautiful daughter laughed with joy.

"Where is the Taniwha?" Manini asked.

"He lies over the highest ridge of the hills," said the old woman. "From there he descends to slay and eat. If you kill him you kill our one great dread, the terror of our island. He is a monstrous dragon, so huge that when he walks he shakes the earth."

"I will kill him," said Manini. He thought deeply. "Help me," he said to the islanders. "I have a plan."

The men came willingly. Under his direction they worked all night, digging a deep pit that

would hold fifty men. Next day they laid a screen of branches over the top. Hiki and the fifty men stepped in with their weapons, and lay hidden beneath the branches, to wait while Manini decoyed the Taniwha to the pit.

Manini set off alone to rouse the Taniwha and lead him down to death. Over the farthest hills he went, till he came to the highest ridge. There in his den the Taniwha lay asleep.

Manini raised a shout and woke the monster. With a roar of rage he rushed from his den. Snarling and snorting, he pursued Manini over the hills and down the valleys towards the pit. Manini had to fly like the wind, for, in spite of his weight, that shook the ground, the monster ran swiftly.

Manini reached the pit, slipping under the screen of branches just in time to escape the claws of the Taniwha.

Then began a terrible fight. The Taniwha tore at the screen, his great claws reaching through almost to the men's faces. "Cut them off," cried Manini. The men swung their axes and cut off the monster's claws. Roaring with pain and rage, the Taniwha tore a hole with his teeth and came

at them with his mouth wide open. The fifty attacked the huge head. After a stubborn battle, he lay at last helpless and dying over the edge of the pit. Then they sprang out and finished killing him.

During the fight the terrified islanders had shut themselves up for safety. Now they came out of their hiding-places, shouting for joy that the dreaded Taniwha was dead, and loudly praising the courage of Manini. "He shall be our King," they said.

So Manini married the beautiful daughter, and was made king of the island.

Hiki said: "I also wish to be a king and marry a beautiful wife. I shall take the canoe and seek another island."

He sailed away and found another island, where he also married a beautiful wife and was made king.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN IN THE WORLD

ONCE there were seven brothers. They were all tall and strong and handsome, but Ruru, the youngest, was the handsomest of the seven. For this he was hated by his brothers. They forced him to act as a slave to them, giving him the roughest work to do and the oldest clothes to wear. They even beat him. Indeed, they treated him so cruelly that his life was most unhappy. His mother's heart ached for him, but his father was too old to notice.

The brothers heard of a maiden who lived across the sea. "Her name is Roronga. She is the most beautiful maiden in the world," the people said.

"I will go and ask her to be my wife," said the eldest brother.

"So will I," said the next.

"She may prefer me," said the third.

"Let us all go and see who can win the beautiful maiden," said the fourth.

They gathered together their finest clothes and a number of handsome presents. These they packed away in their big canoe with the sleeping-places below the deck.

"Is not Ruru to voyage with you?" asked their mother.

"Certainly. He must come to cook and carry for us. He need not think he will see Roronga, however. She would not look at a man who has no fine clothes." The eldest brother said this loudly, for he loved to tease poor Ruru.

They set off. In a few days they reached the land across the sea. The people met them and welcomed them, and prepared a feast in their honour.

The six brothers went to the feast, leaving Ruru behind to carry all their things from the boat to their lodgings.

After the feast there was a dance. As they were dancing each brother asked his partner,

"Which is Roronga?" and each partner, wishing to be thought beautiful, whispered: "I am Roronga. Tell nobody." Each brother, delighted to think he was dancing with the real Roronga, asked: "Will you be my wife and come with me across the sea to live?"

And each partner answered, "Yes." So they were all married quietly during the next few days, and not one of the brothers found out that he had been deceived.

But what about Ruru? On the first night of their stay, after carrying their belongings, he had to lay fires, buy food, bring in water. Stepping out of the house with a calabash in his hand, he asked a child: "Where shall I find water?"

The child pointed. "By Roronga's house there is a spring," she said.

"Roronga's house!" thought Ruru. "She is sure to be away at the dance. It cannot matter if I peep in to see her home."

But Roronga was not at the dance. She sat quietly in her house. When Ruru peeped in she saw him. She liked him, though he had no

handsome feather cloak. "Come in!" she said, and smiled.

Ruru came shyly in. Never had he dreamt of any one so lovely as this maiden with the great dark eyes and sunny smile. She talked and made him welcome, and drew him on to tell her all his life. So she learnt of the harsh treatment he received.

When it was time for him to go she said: "Come back to-morrow night. Another dance will be given for your brothers, but I shall not go."

Next night he came again, and the next. While the elder brothers danced with the false Rorongas Ruru and the real Roronga sat talking in her house. They loved each other and were married, and Roronga promised to cross the sea with Ruru. "But I must hide you," he said, "for if my brothers see you they will try to take you from me."

When the six elder brothers, with their six wives, came laughing and chattering to the boat the next day, they had no idea that the most beautiful maiden in the world was hidden in

Ruru's cabin. Nor did they find it out through all the voyage.

As soon as the boat touched the shore the elder brothers sprang to land to lead their wives to their mother's home. "Mother," the eldest said as he drew near. "Roronga is my wife. Welcome the most beautiful maiden in the world."

"It is not true!" cried the next brother. "I have Roronga."

Then there was confusion, for every brother maintained that he had the real Roronga, shouting loudly and working himself into a rage, while each false Roronga looked under her eyelids at the others.

The mother called for silence. "There are not six Rorongas," she said. "Besides, not one of your wives is handsome enough to be called the most beautiful maiden in the world."

"That is true," said Ruru's voice. He had quietly followed his brothers to the house. "Mother, none of these is Roronga. She lies in my cabin in the boat. Come and see!"

The elder brothers roared with laughter. "Ruru marrying Roronga!" they shouted.

"Absurd!" The wives were ill at ease. It might really be Roronga.

"Let us go to the boat," said the mother. On the way their friends gathered and accompanied them. By the time they reached the boat all the village stood about to see Roronga.

"Look in my cabin, mother," said Ruru.

His mother stooped. "It is true!" she cried. "It is Roronga."

She took her hand and led her out. At once everybody saw that this was the most beautiful maiden in the world. "Roronga! Roronga!" they shouted. "Welcome! Welcome! Ruru has won the great prize. Let us make a feast."

The brothers were enraged at the trick that had been played on them. "You lied!" they said to their wives. They were ready to beat them; but their mother said, "Leave them alone. You well deserved what you got for your cruelty to Ruru."

The people made a great feast. The happy Ruru and Roronga danced, and were admired by everybody. Ruru's friends gave him fine clothes, and in them he looked far handsomer than ever.

The cruel elder brothers and their deceiving wives were punished by being left out of the feast. Never again were they allowed to make a servant of their brother, nor treat him harshly, for by marrying Roronga he had become a great man. Now everybody looked up to him and treated him respectfully. And all his life he lived happily with Roronga—the most beautiful maiden in the world.

THE GIANT IN THE CAVE

In a huge bone-littered cave lived a cruel Giant. With him lived his pack of two-headed dogs, to help him in his hunting. He and his dogs were a scourge to the country.

The Giant had a monstrous nose, so big that he could smell things that were miles away. When hungry he poked his nose out of the cave and sniffed the air. "I smell men," he would say, and off he would go with his two-headed dogs to the hunt. Many a party of travellers, passing through the country, was never seen again.

Once he found a party of men who had a woman with them. He ate the men, but the woman he saved. "She will make a good servant," he said.

He took the weeping, terrified woman to his cave.

"Clean my cave, light my fire, and cook my meals," he said. "Never try to escape or I shall tie you up."

It was a terrible life. Shut away from friends, her only companions the horrible Giant and his bloodthirsty dogs, poor Kaia felt that she preferred death to life. Once, while the Giant slept, she stole away; but the dogs barked so loudly that they woke the Giant. He rushed out, caught her, and brought her back.

"Now I shall tie you up," he said. He tied a long cord to her wrist, fastening the other end to his own wrist. "When you are out of my sight I shall constantly jerk my end," he said. "If you have gone I shall know at once."

Kaia was worse off than ever. Every day she looked towards the East, thinking with a great longing of the home-faces there.

One day, as she sadly watched the river running past the mouth of the cave, a great idea came to her. "It is the river that passes my home," she thought. "How quickly it would take me there. If I could make a raft!"

She looked about her. Along the river bank

grew raupo. "I will cut a few sticks each day while the Giant sleeps," she said. "Tied together with flax they will make a raft. I will try once more to escape."

Each day after his dinner the Giant went to sleep. Then Kaia was able to walk a little way outside the cave, though prevented by the cord from going far. Now she began to make use of this time, cutting raupo sticks, tying them firmly together with flax, and hiding them in the rushes.

Slowly the raft grew bigger, until it was strong enough to bear her. Now she waited for a day on which it would be safe to go—a day when the dogs should be away and the Giant should be in a heavy sleep.

After waiting many days, these two things happened at once. Creeping quietly from the cave, she slipped the cord from her wrist and tied it to a bunch of rushes. "If the Giant wakes and pulls, the rushes will first bend and then hold," she thought. "So he will think I am still here. That will give me time."

She pushed the raft into the river and stepped

on to it. With a long stick she pushed it off the bank and guided it down the swift stream towards her home.

In the cave the Giant slept heavily and long. Waking at last, he tugged at the cord. The rushes bent and then held, as Kaia expected. The Giant thought, "She is there." After some time, however, he said: "She stays long by the river." He tugged again, but still the rushes held. He pulled harder. The rushes came up by the roots and were dragged in on the edge of the string.

"Kaia! Kaia!" he shouted, hoarse with rage at the trick. No Kaia answered. He strode to the opening. With his long nose he sniffed the ground; she had not gone that way. He sniffed the air, but she had not gone that way. He sniffed the river. "She has gone that way!" he roared. "I will catch her."

With one gulp he drank the whole river, drying it from end to end. But Kaia was not on the river. With a roar of rage the Giant went back to his cave, there to lie and sulk for several days. The river was a big drink even for a giant; so

much cold water at once did not altogether agree with him.

When the Giant swallowed the river Kaia had stepped off her raft on to the bank. She ran to her home, safe and sound. The joy of her parents and friends over her return can hardly be described. They had long given her up as dead.

She told them about the dreadful Giant and how she escaped from him. "That was cleverly done," said her friends. "Tell us where to find the cave. We must kill this Giant."

"Travel north-west to find him," replied Kaia. "The north-west wind is his snoring as he lies asleep. Light a big fire in the doorway of his cave, so that he will not be able to rush out on you. He will try to spring out through a large hole in the roof. There you can wait for him."

When next the north-west wind blew hard a strong party of men crept softly to the cave. The two-headed dogs lay asleep beside the Giant. "That is good!" the men whispered.

They piled a great heap of brushwood in the doorway and set it alight. The smoke and flames

rushed into the cave and the crackling awoke the Giant. He tried to spring out through the hole in the roof, but there the men were waiting with their spears. As he came up they killed him. The dogs were stifled by the smoke in the cave. So at length there was peace and safety in that land.

TAMA AND HIS BROTHER

RICHLY laden fruit trees hung over a garden wall. Two boys, passing, eyed them with greedy looks.

"We could easily reach them from our stilts," remarked Tama.

"At night, when the owners are asleep," added his brother.

At night they came on their tall stilts to the wall. They were able to reach the fruit. They feasted to their heart's content.

So sweet was their stolen treat that they returned the next night and the next. But the owners had missed the fruit and lay in wait for the young robbers. Hidden in the branches, they sprang to the ground and gave chase as soon as the brothers appeared beneath the tree.

Tama dashed away on his stilts, but his brother

was caught at once and carried into the house. Then the people, taking a short cut, intercepted Tama. The only road left open to him led directly to the sea. He turned into this road. The people followed him and caught him as he reached the sea.

They stood in a semicircle round him on the landward side.

"Chop down his stilts! Tumble him into the sea!" they shouted.

A tumble into the sea was the very thing Tama did not desire, so he cunningly laughed as if well pleased at the idea.

This set the people thinking, "He wishes to fall into the sea. He has some plan of escape that way." They immediately changed their axe-blows to the landward side.

In a minute the stilts gave way. Tama fell to the ground, but he was ready. With a spring he was up again, running for life. They chased him again, but in the darkness he evaded them.

Hiding in the bush, he heard them searching for him all that night and all next day. At last they grew tired of the hunt and gave it up.

Tama crept out and made his way home. His brother was not there, nor could he find him anywhere. "The people must have caught him. I must go to his help," said Tama.

As soon as it grew dark he went to the house. A noise of singing and dancing came from within. The door was shut. He could not see in.

He pulled himself up the wall till he reached the roof. Pulling out a little bundle of thatch, he looked into the house.

His brother's face met him, close against the roof. It lit up with joy at the sight of him. "Tama!" whispered the poor boy.

"What have they done to you?" asked Tama.

"They tied me in this basket and hung me to the roof, and here they left me. Not a mouthful of food or water have they given me all day. I fear they mean to starve me to death. Help me, Tama!"

"I came to help you," said Tama. "But I must think of a plan. I dare not make the hole bigger, or they would see it."

He thought in silence for a few moments. "They are dancing below you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How do they dance?"

"Badly. We do it much better."

"Tell them so. Jeer at them. Tell them we dance much better at our home. They will take you down and tell you to prove your words. Dance then till you are hot and must ask for air. When they open the door dance near it till you see a chance to rush out. Be sure to fling the door shut behind you. I will do the rest."

"I will carry out your plan," his brother said.

"Hi! you people there below," he called from his basket. "Why do you not dance gracefully? I never saw such wretched dancing!"

The dancing stopped. The people gazed up in amazement at his boldness.

"Such antics!" he went on. Such twists and turns! Like wooden people! I wonder you are not ashamed." He laughed and jeered unceasingly.

"Keep quiet up there!" cried the people.

"We do it far better at home," he went on. "You should see our dances!"

The angry people rushed at the basket and

pulled it down. "Dance, and prove your boasts," they cried.

Setting him free in the middle of the floor, they sat round the sides of the room ready to jeer him. In a few minutes, instead of flouting him they were staring hard with envious eyes, for he danced beautifully. Indeed, they had never seen such grace of movement before.

Round and round he went, backwards and forwards, till everybody could see how hot and tired he was. "Air!" he cried, "or I cannot dance."

They opened the door. Now he began to dance in rings, making each circle wider than the one before. As the last one brought him to the door he sprang outside and flung the door shut behind him.

Tama was waiting with a heavy beam. He threw it across the door. "Lash that end to the post," he said. Between them they secured each end As the door opened outwards, the people were prisoners until some passing neighbour drew the beam from its fastenings.

Leaving the tricked people to beat and hammer

on the door, the brothers quietly went home. Though victorious in the end, it is said that for many months they kept well out of the way of those people. Certain it is that they never again stole fruit from the garden wall.

TAMA AND HIS WIFE

TAMA grew into a man with an ugly face but a kind heart. It is a great blessing to have a kind heart, for then people forget the ugliness of the face in loving the goodness of the heart. Through his kindly ways Tama was able to win one of the most beautiful wives in the country. His wife loved him, his children adored him. Though so ugly, he was perfectly happy.

But an old companion called Tuté, who had years before rowed away to another land, came back to visit Tama. He was handsome, but he had a bad heart—so bad that he carried off Tama's wife in his canoe and took her away to his own country.

Tama was hunting in the bush, out of hearing of his wife's cries for help. When he returned the children ran sobbing to him to tell him of

Tuté's treachery. Rage and grief beat together in the husband's heart. "I go to punish Tuté and bring back your mother," he said.

The children held his arms. "Tuté left a message for you," they said. "The words were these: 'Tama cannot follow me, for I have sung a magic spell. Forced by my power, everything on sea and land shall hinder him. All brambles, thorns and nettles of the bush shall hold him back; all storms and monsters of the sea shall rise against him.' Do not go, or we lose father and mother both."

"No magic power shall hinder me. No dangers can drive me back," said Tama.

"But he said more," the children cried. "His words were: 'In an ugly face lies no power against me. This is my safety.'"

Tama's heart sank low, but at last he said: "I will journey first to Fairyland to seek for beauty. Then I will bring your mother home."

Placing the children in a sister's care, he started on his journey.

The road to Fairyland was long and dangerous,

TAMA'S FLIGHT ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

but he travelled fearlessly. Half-way he met a snow-white heron.

"I go to Fairyland," said Tama. "Is the way clear?"

"You will never reach that country," said the heron. "The way leads through a long dark passage guarded by two evil spirits. They will not let you pass."

"Yet you have passed them?" questioned Tama.

"I flew above their heads."

"Lend me your body that I also may fly above their heads."

He told the heron Tuté's treachery. Roused to pity, the bird agreed to help. He lay down in the bush and slept. Tama made himself small, crept into the white bird-body, and flew off with it.

Coming to the dark passage, he passed safely over the heads of the evil spirits. Past the passage were mountains. High over these he flew till he came to a beautiful lake lying in their midst. Here was Fairyland.

He dropped to the shore of the lake. The

Fairies gathered round him, asking: "What brings Tama here?" They knew him, even in the heron's body.

He told them of his loss. "I come for beauty, that I may regain my wife," he said. "Draw fine patterns on me, that I may be as beautiful as you," he begged.

"Certainly," they said. He stepped out of the heron's body and they drew fine spiral patterns on his skin.

He viewed himself in the clear waters of the lake and saw that he was handsome. "It is good. You have my thanks," he said.

Heated after his long journey, he dived into the lake to swim. When he stepped out he found to his dismay that all the lines had been washed off his skin.

"Why did you wash?" the fairies cried.

"But I need patterns that will not come off in water," Tama said.

"We cannot make them," said the Fairies. "For those you must go to the next Fairy-land."

Entering the heron's body again, Tama flew on.

More mountains, another lake; he had found the next Fairyland.

He told his tale to these Fairies. They promised to make patterns that would not wash off; "but you must be ready to bear great pain," they said. "These patterns are pricked in."

"I will bear any pain to win back my wife," said Tama.

He lay on the ground, while the Fairies tattooed his body. The pain was dreadful. Tama all but fainted, but he would not cry out. "He has a brave heart," said the Fairies.

When the beautiful spirals were finished, he bathed in the lake, but found no water would wash off these patterns.

The Fairies were so pleased with him that they taught him a charm to use against Tuté's magic.

He flew back to where the heron's soul slept in the bush, returned the white body so kindly lent, and set off to find Tuté's country.

Now Tuté's magic began to show its power. All brambles, thorns and nettles of the bush gathered in Tama's path, tearing at him with

their hindering hands. His handsome face and loudly-chanted spell forced them to draw aside and let him pass. Thick forest rose and barred his way; the charm cleared a path for him. Even mountains fell away before its power. His heart grew light with thankfulness and joy.

He reached a little village by the sea. Here he told his story and begged for help. The kindly people lent him a canoe and men to cross the sea to Tuté's land.

Tama took with him in the boat ashes from the village fires and a heap of boards.

When well out to sea Tuté's magic power sent fierce sharks and monsters of the deep. They gathered round the boat to devour its crew. Throwing out the ashes he had brought, Tama darkened all the water round them. The ashes gone, one by one the boards were flung into the sea. These the monsters seized with their great teeth. While they fought and struggled over them, thinking they were good to eat, Tama and his men escaped.

Now Tuté's storms rose up. The great waves

almost dashed the boat to pieces. But Tama sang his charm until the storm-waves died into the sea. So at last he came safely to Tuté's land.

Looking from Tuté's doorway, his wife saw Tama rowing up the harbour. She rushed to meet him. Husband and wife could scarcely speak for joy.

The people standing on the shore stared at Tama with amazement in their faces. "Tuté told us he was ugly," they said. "He is now handsome. Come, tell Tuté he is here."

They found Tuté and told him, but Tuté refused to believe them. "It is impossible," he said. "If Tama tried to come, all the brambles, thorns and nettles of the bush would hinder him. If he passed those, the forests and mountains would stop him. If he passed those, the storms and monsters of the sea would stop him. It is impossible for him to pass my guards." He sat in his house, refusing even to look out towards the harbour.

After some time, however, he missed Tama's wife. He called her, but she did not answer; he

looked for her, but she was not to be found. At last he rushed down to the beach to see if Tama had really come. He was too late. Tama and his wife were far across the sea.

SEA GOBLINS

RUA the King went hunting. His son Toka went swimming with other boys; but when Rua returned from his hunting the young prince was not with his companions. "He swam far out with us, but he never came back to shore," the boys said. "We fear the Sea-Goblins have taken him, for darkness had fallen."

The King's grief was terrible, for Toka was his only son. His people wailed aloud when they saw the sorrow in his face.

He spoke no word, but, running to a rock that overhung the sea, leapt into the water.

His people cried, "Come back!" but the waves closed over his head. Alive or dead, his son should be found if he searched the whole foundation of the sea.

The King had one magic gift—the power to

breathe beneath the water. He could not drown; he would never rise to the surface again till he had found his son.

At the bottom of the sea it was so dark that many times he stumbled. But, in spite of difficulties and dangers, he went bravely on all night, through the deep hollows and over the wave-beaten hills.

With the morning he came out to a strange land. Before him stretched a wide, bright plain, lit up by sunbeams. In the middle of the watery plain stood a great carved house. "The Goblins' house!" thought Rua.

It was the Goblins' house. Drawing nearer, Rua saw with wonder the beauty of the carving on the front of it. He raised his eyes to the ornament over the doorway, and his heart stood still with horror. It was Toka, his beautiful son, turned to wood by the heartless Goblins and set up as an ornament for their house. For this they had stolen him from his companions!

The King rushed into the house, but no one was there. Coming out, he met an old woman.

"Where are the Goblins?" he asked her.

THE SEA GOBLINS' HOUSE.

"Far away in the deepest caves of ocean," she replied. "But who are you that you dare to come to the Goblins' house?"

"I am Rua the King. They have killed my son and set him over their doorway. Point out the track that I may follow them and be avenged on them for his death."

The old woman's eyes shone with joy. "At last one has come to destroy these wicked beings!" she said. "Stay here. I will tell you of a plan, and do all in my power to help you. I, too, come from your land. The Goblins killed my husband, but me they kept as doorkeeper for their house. I wept over your beautiful boy when they brought him down. But I am old and frail. I cannot save my people from their cruel hands."

"Help me to save them. Tell me the plan," said Rua.

"Listen, then," she said. These Goblins cannot bear the light of day. Sunlight falling on them kills them instantly. All the daylight hours they spend in the darkest ocean caves. When night comes they return to this house to eat and

sleep. I keep the door, to waken them with the first lightening of dawn, that they may leave the house before the sunlight enters."

"The plan! Tell me the plan," begged Rua.

"I come to it," said the woman. "In the roof are many crevices through which the daylight streams. You, being strong, can climb upon the roof and fill the crevices so as to shut out all the light. While they sleep we shall also block the door and windows and every crack around them. Then, when morning comes, the house will be dark. The Goblins will think it is still night and will sleep on. When the sun is up we shall open the door, and the sunlight will kill them."

"The plan is good," said Rua. "Let us begin at once."

They gathered weed. Climbing to the roof of the house, Rua filled the crevices till no beam of light could enter from the chinks. Then round the walls he went, till every crack was filled.

"That is well done," said the old woman. "Hide now. The sun is sinking fast; my cruel masters will soon come home."

Rua hid. In silence they waited for the return

of the Goblins. The sun sank and night fell. Chattering, pushing, quarrelling, the ugly Goblins came home in droves. They fed and quarrelled and lay down to sleep. Only Rua and the woman were left outside. Soon all was still.

Rua crept softly to where the woman sat. Together they blocked the door and windows till no ray of light could enter. Then patiently they waited for the dawn.

The night seemed as if it would never end; but at last the first faint streaks of daylight came. The watchers smiled, well pleased. Brighter and brighter grew the light, but still the Goblins slept, for in the house hung heavy darkness.

One of the Goblins woke. "The night is long. Is it not morning yet?" he cried.

"Sleep on! Sleep on!" called the old woman.

The Goblins slept again. At intervals they stirred and called, but every time the woman called, "Sleep on!"

When the sun was high in the sky, and the sunshine beat upon the roof, the woman said: "Let in the light!"

She flung open the door, while Rua tore away

the coverings from the cracks and windows. The sunlight streamed into the house and fell on the Goblins. Mad with fear, they tried to rush outside, but they fell dead over the doorway as the light struck on them. Not one was left alive.

"That was well done," said the woman. "The world is rid of a cruel pest."

"I will burn the house," said Rua. "No evil things shall live in it again. First I will lift down my son. He shall be carried home."

With sorrowful tenderness he lifted down the little wooden statue, laying it gently on the ground. He took down several pieces of the marvellous carving also to show his friends. Then he fired the house.

As he stood beside the woman, watching the burning of the house, some one moved behind him. Turning, he looked. Toka, no longer a wooden statue, rose to his feet a living boy!

The magic spell cast on him by the Goblins had died with the burning of the house. With a cry of gladness he sprang into his father's arms. The King held him close, whispering, "My son! My son!"

The old woman nodded and smiled at their joy. "Let us go home," she said. Then they remembered her and thanked her for her help.

They returned to the shore, carrying the carvings with them. Rua's friends made a great feast, rejoicing in the safety of their King and Prince.

To this day the carvings that the people make with tools of stone are patterned on the pieces brought by Rua from the Goblins' house.

THE GREAT BIRD OF THE HILLS

A MAN named Pou was caught in a storm and driven in his canoe far out to sea. He was alone; his single strength was not great enough to force the canoe back to land. The storm continued for several days, driving him further every hour from his home. Half-dead with cold and hunger and terror at his helpless drifting, he was flung up at last on a little island. Here he was found by some of the inhabitants, who took him to the king.

The king treated him generously, providing him for many months with food and clothing, and giving him a home in his great house. But Pou longed always for his old home and his wife. His thoughts of them kept him most unhappy.

"Why are you sad?" the king asked at length.

"I think of my wife and wish for her night and day," replied the man.

"If that is so you shall return to her."

"I have longed to do so; but you have no boats strong enough to cross that great stretch of sea, nor could I ask your men to risk the dangers of the voyage."

"True," replied the king; "but I have a bird which will carry you across."

"A bird!"

"He is never shown to strangers, therefore you have not seen him," said the king. "Promise to step off his back the moment he shakes himself, and I will lend him to you for your journey home."

"But if he should shake himself above the sea?"

"He will not do that."

"Then I promise gladly."

The king gave a loud call. From the distance the Great Bird of the Hills flew towards them. So large he was that a man could sit on his back and be no burden.

"He will bear you across the sea and safely

past the fierce goblin of your mountains," said the king. "You must pass the goblin at the time of sunset. Once past him, the Bird will shake his wings. You must at once descend from his back, that he may return to me while the goblin is still dazzled by the sun."

Pou promised to do exactly as the king commanded. Two baskets of food were brought to him at the king's orders. Taking grateful farewell of the kindly monarch, he seated himself on the Great Bird's back and was borne high into the air above the sea.

The strange voyage lasted for several days. Each night they rested on rocks whose heads stood out above the sea. Pou's baskets of food stood him in good stead. The bird fished from the rocks.

At last they came in sight of Pou's own land. At the edge of the land stood the mountain where the goblin lived.

The Great Bird hovered in the air, waiting for the time of sunset. When it came the sun's rays shone full in the eyes of the seaward-gazing goblin, dazzling him. Then the Great Bird flew

swiftly past, carrying Pou to safety. The goblin heard the stroke of the mighty wings, but his eyes were blinded.

Once safely past, the Great Bird shook himself, desiring to return while still the sun shone in the goblin's eyes. But Pou, eager to reach his home, forgot his promise to the king, took no thought of the bird's danger. "A little further!" he said. "Bear me a little further!"

The bird flew on, then shook himself again. "Further yet," said the selfish Pou. He forced the bird to carry him to his home.

Carried to his very door, Pou stepped down to the joyful welcome that awaited him; the Great Bird turned and flew with lightning swiftness for his home, hoping yet to be in time to pass the mountain safely.

Alas! he was too late. The sun had sunk; the goblin could see again. He threw a net over the Great Bird, dragged him to his mountain, killed him and ate him.

Away in his island the king waited for the Great Bird to come back. Weeks passed. "Something must have happened," said the king. A

message came from the wind: "The Great Bird of the Hills is dead. The goblin of the mountains killed him."

Grief and anger filled the heart of the king. "Who will bring this murderous goblin here that I may punish him?" he cried.

The bravest of his warriors rose. "I will bring the goblin or die in the attempt," he said.

The king called up a sea-monster. The warrior stood on its back and was carried across the sea to the land of Pou.

"When we reach the land I shall step ashore," said the warrior to the monster. "Wait for my return." As the land drew near he chanted spells to protect himself against the goblin's power.

When he sprang to land and climbed the mountain-side it was night. A red light shone from the open doorway of the goblin's house. The warrior looked in. The goblin's friends made merry with him in his house.

"They are alike. How shall I know which is the goblin I have come to seek?" the warrior wondered silently.

He remembered suddenly that he had once heard of the strange overlapping teeth of the goblin of the mountains. "When he opens his mouth to talk I shall know him," he thought.

He entered boldly. Surprised, the goblins tried their magic powers on him, but his spells had made him proof against them. He talked, and made them talk, but he could not discover the overlapping teeth.

"I must make them laugh," he thought.

He told them funny stories, till they all laughed and the overlapping teeth gleamed out. "It is done!" said the warrior to himself. He sang a soft-toned charm that sent them instantly to sleep.

Standing over the goblin of the mountains, he sang a second charm to make his sleep so deep that no movement would waken him. Then he searched for a big basket, packed the helpless goblin in it, and carried him down the mountain to the sea.

The sea-monster awaited him. Stepping on its back with his sleeping burden, the warrior gave command to return. The goblin did not

waken till the sea was crossed and the basket opened before the king.

There he was put to death for his cruel deeds. The brave warrior was rewarded by the king as his courage deserved. But never again would the Great Bird fly over the hills at his master's call.

THE FLOATING ISLAND

Two boys played together. They spun tops and bowled hoops, threw the dart, and learned how to swing far out over the river on a long bent pole, dropping and diving into the water below and swimming to the shore.

The father of one of them made a new kite for each, shaped like a bird with outspread wings, and with a long tail hanging where the bird's tail would be.

In flying them the tails became entangled. The boys pulled too hurriedly at the strings, and both kites fell broken to the ground.

"Your fault! You pulled too fast," said Ono.

"I will straighten them," said Rima, stooping to disentangle the tails.

Ono kicked them ill-temperedly. "If my

father could not make better kites than those he would not make any," he said.

Rima sprang up, aflame at the ingratitude.

"Your father never does make any," he cried. "He never makes anything, or does anything. He is out to-day fishing in my father's boat, using my father's lines, because he has nothing of his own. He is a good-for-nothing."

Afraid of the anger he had provoked, Ono slunk away to brood upon the insult.

When his father returned at night, Ono repeated Rima's words. "He called you a good-for-nothing," he said.

Ono's father was not only a good-for-nothing, he was also violent-tempered. The sneer roused in him a fury of rage against the man who had lent him his things so kindly and been a good friend to him always.

He rushed out into the night and strode along the river-bank, wondering how to be revenged on the people who had angered him. "I wish I could be rid of them," he said aloud.

"I will help you," said a voice.

He turned. A River-fairy stood beside him,

one of that dark tribe who come only to those whose thoughts are evil.

"You wish to be rid of some one?" he asked.

The man pointed to Rima's home, standing with three others on a point of land that stretched into the river. "Those people have insulted me," he said. "I wish to be rid of them."

"I will teach you a magic song that will carry off that strip of land and send it floating down the river to the sea," said the fairy.

"I will gladly learn it," said the man.

The fairy sang the song, and the man repeated it until he knew it. "Stand on the hill behind the land you wish to move, and sing the song until the land goes floating down the river," said the fairy. He disappeared into the water.

The man stood on the hill, singing the magic song until the land broke loose and moved into the current of the river. Louder and louder he sang. The land, becoming a floating island, passed down the tide and out into the open sea.

"Good!" he said. "I am revenged." He went home well pleased.

The people on the floating island woke in the

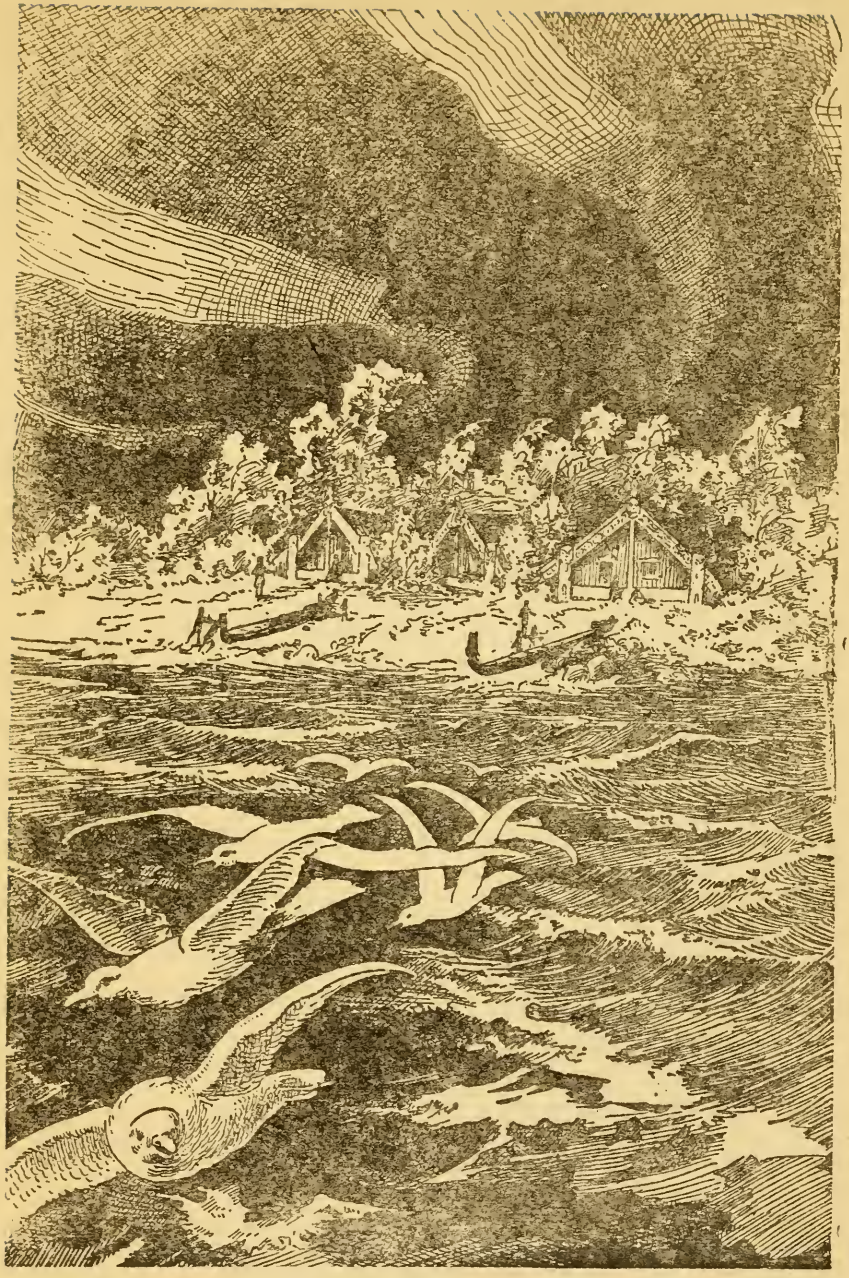
morning to find themselves moving on the tossing sea, drifting past the woods and mountains of their home, far from all their friends.

The children wept, the mothers, pale with fear, wailed mournfully, the fathers gravely faced the situation. "Some enemy has worked a spell," said Rima's father. "But we have our homes, our lines, our nets and gardens. We shall not starve. Maybe we shall soon drift upon the shore. In the meantime we can fish from our floating island and be happy."

Rima ran to bring the lines. Soon everybody was in good spirits, even enjoying their unheard-of trip on a floating island. They fished, played games, flew kites, watched the wonders of the sea and sky, told the old stories of their country. The mothers cooked; when it rained they caught water enough to last till the next shower.

Day after day they floated on, for three long weeks. Up the east coast they went, along the north, and down the west. In all this time no storm had risen, no harm had come to them.

One morning a black cloud spread upwards from the wide horizon. From the cloud came the



THE FLOATING ISLAND.

wild west wind. The sea was lashed to foaming waves ; the floating island fled heavily before the storm.

Again the children would have wept with fear, but the fathers said : " The wind drives us toward the shore. We move to safety."

The children looked ahead. They were driving fast upon a new land, wilder and more beautiful than any they had passed. Mountain peaks stood high against the sky ; down their wooded sides dashed silvery cascades, falling to the sea.

Nearer they drew, till the island grounded on the shelving beach. Rima sprang to the new land, waving gay hands to urge the others on. They followed, and would have entered the bush, but Rima's father said : " Wait. There may be hidden enemies. I will look."

Taking his weapons, he crept into the bush. Presently he returned with the welcome news that no signs of habitation were to be found. " It is a new country," he said, " and a good one. Here is water, and here are wild birds and berries and the roots we eat. Living near the sea, we shall not want fish. It is indeed a good land."

Rearing a shelter of branches for the night, they carried to it the things they valued from their houses, for fear the island should float away. Next day they took their strong stone axes, felled trees, and began to build new houses.

They soon settled down in the new country, growing up, marrying, building fresh homes, until their families spread through all the land. They have lived there ever since.

As for the island, it rested several days where it had grounded, then slowly glided off and floated out to sea again. Where it voyaged the people never knew. Perhaps it is floating yet.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GIANT

FAR up amongst the highest mountains in the land lived a giant, so huge that he could step from one mountain-top to another, and so cruel that he would eat a dozen people at a time. When he woke from week-long sleeps and stepped down to the plains for food the people of the country lived in daily terror.

He found the princess wandering by herself, but she was so beautiful that instead of eating her he took her to his mountain-top to be a companion to him. He placed a magic girdle round her waist, tying the other end to his wrist.

"No weapon can cut your girdle; only one thing can break it," he said in his great voice. "You cannot escape. Henceforth you belong to me." The poor princess was heartbroken. Cries and struggles, longings for her lost home and friends, fear of the giant, filled her days.

In her home there was great sorrow. King and queen and people mourned her as one dead. Word was sent to the prince of the next country, he who was soon to have married her. He came with all his weapons of war, prepared to climb the mountains and brave the giant's power.

"It is a hopeless undertaking," said the old king. "No one has ever returned from the giant's land. You go to certain death."

"I must make an attempt to rescue my princess," said the prince.

He climbed the mountains valiantly. At the top he found the giant asleep, the princess sitting beside him. Springing to her, he took her in his arms and tried to drag her away.

The magic girdle held her. "You cannot set me free," she sobbed. "Only one thing can break this magic girdle, and that thing's name I do not know."

"Perhaps its name is strength," said the prince. He tried to wrench the girdle apart, but with all his strength he could not break it.

"Perhaps it is my axe," he said, "my wonder-axe that has done such mighty deeds." He tried

to cut it with his axe, but it would not be cut. He tried every weapon in turn, but not one had power to cut the girdle. The giant still slept on.

"You cannot save me," said the princess. "Go away before the giant wakes."

"I will not leave you," said the prince. "I stay with you till death." He sat beside her, and for all her pleading would not leave her to her fate.

Then the princess wept sorely, for sorrow that her lover must surely die. As she wept, her tears fell on the magic girdle. Strand by strand the girdle broke and fell apart. Tears of love were the magic power that alone could break the girdle.

With staring eyes and beating hearts the lovers watched it till the last strand parted and gave way. Sobbing with joy, the princess sprang up free, to hurry with her lover down the mountain-side into the safety of her home.

When the giant woke and found the princess gone, he stamped and roared and shook the mountain-tops. But the east wind sprang up in his strength, threw the giant on the mountain side,

and held him there from following the princess.

"Let us be married at once, that I may take the princess to my country, far from the giant's reach," said the prince.

The old king, full of joy at his daughter's safe return, would have consented, but the priest said: "Let no marriage take place until the prince has rid us of this monster."

"How is it possible?" asked the prince. "Is it not true that no weapon of man has power to harm him?"

"Fire is the one force that has power over him," replied the priest. "You, who are brave, who have not grown up in the fear of him, may do the deed our warriors would not dare. Watch till he sleeps, pile firewood round him, burn him where he lies. Then you shall marry the princess."

The prince climbed the mountain once again, hid, and watched until the giant slept. He piled firewood round the monstrous form, and set it blazing. The giant, helpless in the flames, was burned to death.

When the prince returned the people made

feasts in his honour. They danced and sang for joy that their tyrant of the mountain-tops was dead. The prince and princess were married and lived happily together.

Up among the mountains a strange thing happened. Where the giant had lain a great hole was burnt in the shape of his body as he lay on his side with his knees drawn up. The mountains sent down floods of melted snow, and rain, and mists that fell like rain, to fill the gaping hole. Soon where the giant had slept lay a deep blue lake, touched here and there by the shadows of the mountains.

But the giant's heart was not burnt. Fire had no power over that. When the hole became a lake the heart sank to the bottom, and there it lies to this day. When the wild storms rage among the mountains, and the foaming torrents dash down their rocky paths as the giant loved to see them in his fierce lifetime, the great heart lying at the bottom of the water heaves and beats and heaves again. And the blue lake rises and falls in time to the heart's throbs.

HINEMOA'S SWIM

HINEMOA was the daughter of a king who lived on the shores of a great lake in Maui's island. She was so beautiful that all the surrounding princes wished to marry her; but she loved Tutanekai, who was not a prince at all.

Tutanekai lived on an island in the lake. He loved Hinemoa with all his heart, but because he was a nobody the king would not hear of their marriage. Indeed, he was so angry at the idea that Hinemoa felt it was unsafe for Tutanekai to come near her home. She sent a messenger to tell him so.

By the messenger they arranged that some night she should cross the lake in her canoe and be married to Tutanekai in his own island. "Every night," said Tutanekai, "I will sound my horn from the hill on the island. You will know

by that sound that I am waiting for you. Seize your first chance to come away unseen."

So it was all arranged. Every night Tutanekai sounded his horn till midnight to cheer and guide Hinemoa if she should be on the lake. His friend Tiki stood with him, playing on his flute to swell the sound of Tutanekai's music.

But Hinemoa was not on the lake. Her father, the stern old king, could hear the music quite as well as she could. He suspected that it was a signal, and that she meant to cross the lake to Tutanekai. So he gave orders that every canoe on the lake-side should be securely tied at night and the paddles hidden. Though Hinemoa went every night to the lake-side, she could never find a canoe that she could use.

In the meantime Tutanekai waited and watched, sending his beseeching music across the lake.

At last Hinemoa felt that she could wait no longer. "I will swim across!" she said.

During the day she hid six large hollow gourds. She strung them together with flax, three on each side, so that they should act as a raft for her body

when she was tired. At night she slipped into the lake with her raft of gourds.

The sky was dark and starless; the island was so far away that she could not see it. No sound broke the stillness of the lake till Tutanekai's music suddenly floated across the water. Then Hinemoa took courage and swam bravely out towards it.

Evenly, strongly and quietly she swam for a long time. When she wearied, she floated restfully on her raft of gourds. So, swimming, floating, she had voyaged half way, when suddenly she felt that her strength was gone.

"I shall never reach the island," she said aloud. "I can go no farther. The Taniwha will find me here and kill me."

"Fear me not!" It was the voice of the Taniwha, that great monster who lived in the deep waters of the lake. "Fear me not," he repeated. "One so brave shall voyage safely. Here are rocks. Rest fearlessly."

A cluster of rocks rose above the water, pushed upward by the monster's kindly strength. Thankfully Hinemoa lay on them to rest.

When her strength returned she went on her dark way, fearless and calm once more.

It grew late. On the island Tutanekai said to Tiki: "Hinemoa cannot be coming to-night. They went home, not knowing that they were leaving Hinemoa to swim in the great lonely lake with no music to guide and cheer her.

Though her heart sank, she swam bravely on, hoping that she should find the landing-place. Presently, through the darkness, the island showed, then she heard the tiny ripples breaking on the shore.

She came to the landing-place. Close beside it was a hot spring. She plunged into it, easing her aching shoulders and warming her chilled body in its healing waters.

"How shall I find Tutanekai?" she thought.

While she wondered what to do a man came to the lake for water. Hinemoa saw him, for the moon had now risen. She knew him at once for Tutanekai's servant.

She thought of a plan to bring Tutanekai to the spring. Speaking in a gruff voice like a man, she said: "Give me water to drink."

The servant, though startled at hearing a strange voice from the spring, stooped and handed down his calabash of water. Hinemoa took it, drank the water, and smashed the calabash against the rocks.

"Why did you do that?" asked the servant in dismay. Hinemoa gave no answer. He went back to the house and told his master that a man hidden in the spring had smashed the calabash.

"Take another," said his master.

Again the servant came, and again Hinemoa begged a drink and smashed the calabash. Several times it happened. The servant dared not refuse a drink to a stranger.

At last Tutanekai, waiting in the house for his water, flew into a rage at the loss of his calabashes. He ran to the spring. "Come forth, the man who broke my calabashes!" he shouted.

"It is I, Tutanekai. It is Hinemoa," she said softly.

How joyfully he took her home! They were married, and a great feast was made. Everybody came to gaze on the lovely princess who had braved the terrors of the dark lake for love of

Tutanekai ; everybody praised her beauty and her courage. News of her brave deed was carried to her father, winning his forgiveness for her flight.

Tutanekai made his princess happy. He showed himself so noble and so strong that he might just as well have been a prince. To this day the descendants of the two are proud to tell the tale of Hinemoa's swim.

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